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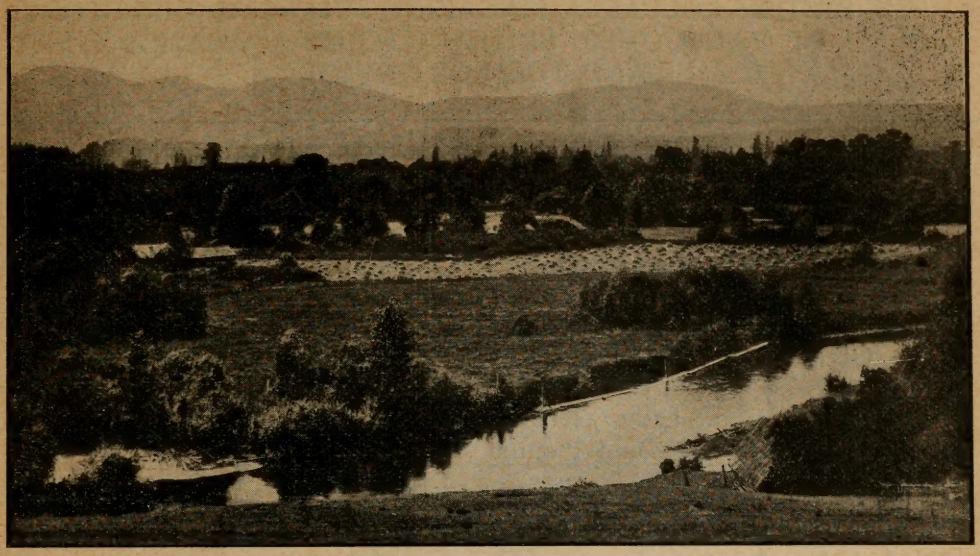

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THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

(FORMERLY MAN-TO-MAN)

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Soldiers of the Soil

A Song of the Prairie Settler

By BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

I sing no song of battles where the victories are won
  By scientific slaughter of a devilish design;
My worthy soldier wages war with ploughshare—not with gun,—
  Where prairie pickets dot the plain, in endless, broken line.

He wears no gallant uniform of scarlet decked with braid,
  No silk-emblazoned banner floats above his scattered tents;
No military music marshals him to "church parade,"
  And the trappings of his charger lack gay accoutrements.

In place of tailored tunic, he just wears a flannel shirt,
  His "overalls" are never quite in fashion's latest style;
But he can grip your hand until it leaves a pleasant hurt,
  And through his eyes the soul of him looks bravely out to smile.

He fights a hundred unseen foes a hundred times a day
  (Where strangely meet the Alpha and Omega of a race);
The Silence full of phantasies he cannot drive away—
  The Fear that crouches sightless in that vast unpeopled place.

To liberate the latitude the Prairie holds in thrall,
  This Yeoman of the Lonesome Line fronts forces none may gauge:
Dawn drifts through space his reveille—dusk wafts his bugle-call,
  And night gives stars as sentinels to guard his heritage.

Like Antæus of fabled myth, he knows the secret source
  Whence springs the strength by which he wins the things of better worth:
And every virile drop of blood flows on its vital course,
  Through arteries and veins that pulse with those of Mother Earth.

He guards the outposts of the world, he leads a new crusade,
  An army yet unmustered—for the Future to enroll;
But through the silent spaces he can hear its cavalcade,
  Ever marching—marching onward to the slogan of his soul.

And I would call him Poet, too—this Soldier of the Soil,—
  Who reads aloud from Nature where her hidden meanings meet;
Who beats his life's slow music out in strains made sweet by toil,
  And with his plough and binder writes the Epic of the Wheat.

I sing the Soldier of the Soil, the Leaguer of the Land,
  Whose "arms" are made of flesh and blood, who wears no sword or dirk;
Whose never-failing courage is the captain in command,
  Whose discipline is duty—and whose countersign is work.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

"Chink" Finger-Prints and the Salmon Industry

By J. H. Grant

YOU have read something of British Columbia's fishing industry. You know that last year it gave employment to about 12,000 men, and Premier McBride says it is still in its infancy. You have heard that moguls of finance built boats and canneries and towns, and put acid in the tins to soften the salmon's bones. Did you ever wonder how came the finger-prints in the brown paint of the salmon cans? Sometimes these marks are covered by the label, but they are always there. The making of them is a mere accident in the commercial drama of the salmon.

If you have ever had a sufficiently strong desire to see this great play for yourself it will have landed you in some little town of the Pacific Coast where there are huge buildings equipped with smoke stacks and small windows like elephant's eyes. Somewhere beneath those acres of roof you may have seen smoky "Chinks" (Chinamen) kneeling before a vat of lacquer. They were snatching shining tins from a mammoth stack and thrusting each together with a clawlike hand and several inches of ropy arm into the brown fluid. Beside them grew a pile of stained and dripping cans, and in each, for the same reason that there was a vulnerable spot on the heel of Achilles, were the—but we begin with the last act.

The cannery of your choice may be on the Fraser, or the Naas, or at Rivers Inlet, or on the Skeena. There are twelve about the mouth of the last-mentioned river, and each owns from fifty to one hundred boats, with an average of twenty-five miles of net to the cannery. These nets are over twenty feet in depth. Calculate, if you can, the chances of a madly rushing salmon to reach the spawning beds of the upper Skeena.

Long, low structures butt the river's rocky shore amid clusters of whitewashed cabins and stalk upon centipedic stilts far out over the smooth waters of the inlet. Here bevies of boats flit to and fro, or nose the huge piles in idle rows. Stretches of sandy beach exhibit large, black canoes reposing in grotesque decay, relics of a time when war was paramount and commerce incidental. This is the cannery town of Spokeshoot. It is called Port Essington on

NET-DRYING BENCHES AND SALMON FISHING BOATS, PORT ESSINGTON

the map. Hither from time unreckoned the coast tribes camped to rest before the long, hard pull up the Skeena to the salmon spawning beds. Thus the name Spokeshoot (last camp). And here still in the month of June, when the prodigal salmon seeks once more the fresh waters of his birthplace, gather the various tribes and sachems. But instead of the unsheathed tomahawk and painted visage of other days, they find awaiting them at Spokeshoot jovial-faced cannerymen seeking their braves to man the boats and suave, oily Chinamen bargaining with their women to fill cans.

Winding sidewalks of mouldy plank, unused since the close of the last canning season, creak beneath the feet of a cosmopolitan crowd; hordes of Chinamen in cue and slippers, gangs of stolid Indians with high boots and Stetson hats, bevies of Indian girls bedizened in dirty finery, an occasional sea-cured white man, a few forlorn Hindoos and a stray negro. But who are those brown, sturdy individuals in cap and mackinaw? They are hanging about the wharf studying every detail of the neat little fishing-boats now reposing at anchor by the various canneries. At first glance you might say they were Indians. Indeed, so striking is this resemblance that the Indians themselves notice it, and when these men first appeared upon the rivers and steeps of British Columbia they were hailed by the natives as *tellicums* (friends). On closer acquaintance, however, you find none of the Indian indolence. Their speech and actions are quick and crisp. They have brought to a country in which there is a population of 1.75 to the square mile some of the feverish energy necessary to procure a livelihood where every square mile of land must support 317 human beings.

These are the Jap fishermen—the hope and stay of the cannery boss. He has white men to run his machinery, and a Chinese contractor for a certain consideration per case has relieved him of every care as to the salmon from the moment it first enters the cannery until it is packed in neat 48-lb. cases ready for shipment. This shrewd Oriental also sees to the making of the cans, and has his men busy with tin and solder by the 1st of May. But the honor of the cannery manager's plant and the continuance of his job depend largely upon the size of each season's *pack*, and to the Jap boats he looks for the large *catches*. True, the Indians are expert boatmen and experienced fishermen,

SALMON ON THE CANNERY FLOOR IN THE MORNING

but most of them, as a somewhat disgruntled foreman said to me one day, "are so d——n lazy it hurts."

Hark! what is that honking noise? The Chinese look up and ki-yi excitedly. The Indian maidens leave off flirting, and the Japs slip quickly down to the boats. It is the horn blown by the cannery watchman. News has come in that the salmon has started to *run*, and now every fisherman hears the call to be off on the out-going tide. Soon the inlet is dotted with fishing craft. All the boats are of uniform size and shape, being some 27 ft. long and 7½ ft. wide at the middle. It is said that each boat costs the cannery about $120 to build. But notice the various hues—there are green boats, gray boats, blue boats, red boats. Each cannery knows its boats by the color. All sweep together into the tide—Japanese alert and rowing eagerly; Indians sailing, indolent, skilful. Somewhere beyond the river's mouth the boatmen stretch their nets and await the turn of the tide.

The fishermen out, the village sinks into a state of quiet expectancy. The Indian women cluster about the corners, toss pebbles and make eyes at the Chinamen or lounge about the company stores pricing shawls and trinkets.

As the tide sets again toward the shore everybody hurries to the wharves and gazes towards the river's mouth. Presently a boat appears, sailing gracefully toward the cannery, then another and another. Mark the sparkle in the cannerymen's eyes. Even at that distance they note how low in the water ride the boats.

A large scow is chained to the piles at the cannery's rear, and toward this each boat steers with its glistening load. A *tallyman* stands on the scow. "Hello, Crow!" he calls to the Indian in the first boat, "how are the fish running?"

"Hi yoo, skukum," answers the aborigine, laconically.

"Springs first," is the tallyman's next speech, and Crow, seizing his one-tined fork, commences to drop the great fish one by one into the scow. The perspiration rains from his charred visage, for spring salmon range from 30 to 90 lbs. in weight. In each fish the tallyman cuts a slit. Suddenly he seizes one and throws it back into the Indian's boat. With an inexpressive grunt the dusky fisherman heaves the fish into the

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES OF PACKED FISH

sea, and 50 lbs. of excellent meat rots upon the beach, because it happens to be white instead of red. Next Crow tosses in the sockeye. Beautiful shining fish these, of uniform size, each yielding some 4 lbs. of deep rose-colored meat—the best on the market.

The tallyman takes his little book and makes the following entries opposite Crow's number: "50 springs, 30 cents each; 100 sockeye, 10 cents each." Crow indulges in the luxury of a grim smile and deftly guides his boat to a mooring-post. Boat after boat contributes its portion until the scow is heaped. Then the cannery engine starts and a great elevator rattles between the scow and the rear of the cannery. Two Chinamen, with rubber boots and fish forks, clamber down the wharf onto the scow. Plop, plop, fall the fish from the elevator to the cannery floor, until the whole rear of the building is filled, the scow emptied and the boats all unloaded. The fishermen, after securing their boats, plunge the nets into the bluestone vats to cut the sea slime from the meshes, then stretch them on net benches to be dried by the sun and overhauled by the netmen.

At five o'clock next morning the shriek of steam-whistles tears through the stillness and echoes and re-echoes along the rocky shore. The Indian dogs howl in sympathy and the village bestirs itself. From cabin and messhouse ascend spirals of smoke and volumes of vapor laden with odors of fried fish and pancakes. Another blast of the whistles and the cannery hands flock to their work. Such a conglomerate throng—old, withered, eagle-like Indians, who can make your hair bristle with their accounts of war and scalping festivities; Chinamen, bewigged and gabbling; Clootchmen (Indian wives); heavy-jowled and taciturn Indian girls making passes with long knives at the green "Chinks" and laughing loudly at the Orientals' evident alarm.

Inside the cannery all is hum and bustle. Two Chinamen, waist-deep in salmon, load the long cutting tables, along which are ranged numbers of their countrymen with gleaming knives. Deftly these living automatons work. One sweep of the knife and the fish is bereft of fins and head. Another quick slash and the tail is severed, and the trunk slides through a hole in a partition into a trough beyond. Holes in the floor are provided for the exit of these heads and tails, but beside almost every vent there is a

large bucket. These buckets belong to the Indian women. When the whistles blow for noon you will see the Clootchmen lugging them home filled to the brim with tails. An ivory-ornamented smile or a glance from dark, passionate eyes has induced the nonchalant "Chinks" to take the extra trouble. Look carefully at that pail nearest the end of the row. It belongs to Yhada, the handsome young wife of Old Eagle. The tails in it are longer than need be and much good meat is attached. That is her cabin behind the big rock decorated with red patches of salmon drying in the sun for winter use. Ma Bing, the tall Chinaman there, is responsible for this petty theft. Cannery gossips told queer things of him and Yhada last year. Malevolent persons who pride themselves upon their powers of discernment hint that the eyes of Yhada's three-month babe have too much slant for the true Indian type.

Along the trough before mentioned, into which the headless, tailless fish have slipped, stands a row of Clootchmen, silent, grotesque. A single swoop of the knife, a scoop of a clawlike hand, and the entrails of each fish falls through the cannery floor into the sea beneath. The fish passes into another trough, where running water and Clootches armed with stiff scrubbing brushes purge it inside and out until not a scale or particle of dirt remains. The cutting machine is its next destination. This is constructed upon the plan of a threshing cylinder, with knives instead of cylinder teeth. These knives can be so adjusted as to cut the salmon to fit *talls* or *flats,* as desired. A Chinaman feeds the machine, and the rich red meat chunks splash into a great vat of brine, where they remain five minutes. This brine is made sufficiently dense to float the fish and is the means employed for salting.

With large net dippers, which resemble the insect catchers used by entomologists, two sturdy "Chinks" lift the fish from the brine, and dumping it into large buckets carry it to the filling tables. Here wait the Indian girls. Beside each is a pile of empty tins and before her a wooden tray upon which to set the tins when full. Each tray holds forty-eight tins. A Chinaman removes it when full and puts in its place an empty one. Then he punches a ticket which hangs before every filler. Each tiny hole represents 4 cents to the Indian girl, and if she works hard she can fill ten trays per hour.

You are struck with the simplicity and adequacy of the machinery. The full cans are placed by "Chinks" upon a belt which runs horizontally. Here they ride blandly upright like ranks of red-capped soldiers until a slight elevation in the track raises each can until its head is jammed into a tin top, fed from a hopper above and held in position by a delicate mechanical device. From here the covered cans continue their course over a tiny scale. If the weight is correct they pass unmolested; if too light they are deftly sidetracked. Suddenly the belt takes a dip and at the same time a slight tilt in the track turns the can on its side and sends it rolling down an inclined metal trough, in whose bottom run two tiny rivulets of molten solder. A little brush soaked in acid circles each can as it rolls so that the tin may *take* the solder. At the other end of the solder trough the cans slip out upon the belt and ride a short distance in spraying water. Thus cooled they drop upon a table at the rate of 160 to the minute.

Mark how deftly that yellow, bewigged automaton packs the tins from the table into large iron coolers. At no time is the table crowded. One at a time the full coolers are lowered by rope and pulley into a tank of boiling water. If there is a hole in any can the expanding air sends a stream of bubbles to the surface of the water. The eagle eye of a "Chink" marks the leaky tin and his tongs snatch it from the cooler.

There is Lum Jam, the bald Chinaman, shoving truckloads of coolers full of salmon tins into those great plank boxes. Here they will be cooked one-half hour in steam at boiling temperature. As each truck load is drawn by long iron hooks from the scalding vapor Chinamen flock about like pecking fowls. They carry tiny mallets, in the ends of which are sharp spikes. Their tirade upon the tins resembles the performance of a musician upon his dulcimer.

From every punctured can a stream of greasy vapor shoots upward to the rafters. More glazy visaged "Chinks" wait for the steam to escape so that they may assail the

holes with solder and hot irons. Finally the sealed cans are loaded upon trucks and wheeled into huge iron retorts where they remain one hour in steam at a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit. It is this intense heat that softens the salmon bones. There is one species of fish whose bones will not yield to this treatment and therefore it is never canned. It is the steelhead. It resembles the sockeye and its flesh is of excellent quality. The cannerymen dispose of them to the cold storage plants.

After the final cooking the fish cans are lowered, crate by crate, into a vat of boiling lye. This removes all trace of grease from the surface of the tin. The lye in its turn is washed off by a current of water from the cannery hose, and out in the warehouse a shining stack grows and grows.

Look for a moment at the *pack*. That large centre pile is sockeye. The smaller one on the left is spring, and that on the right is humpback. Humpback meat is a poorer quality. It is white or pale pink, instead of red. In outward semblance the humpback and sockeye are almost identical. The humpback comes in great shoals after the fish of other varieties have ceased to *run*. So thick do they come that the cannery boss is obliged to set a limit. This is generally 500 per day to each boat. When the fisherman pulls in his net he selects from its meshes 500 fish, for which he receives 1 cent each, and throws the rest into the sea. In due time thousands of dead humpbacks float in upon the tides and line the beach in stinking ranks. Then it is that the Indian dog exhibits his efficacy as a scavenger. But it is his undoing. So voraciously does he feed at such times of plenty that ere long he is a mangy wreck —a gruesome victim of gluttony.

The last act in the drama is nearly ended. The Indians have given up fishing. Six weeks of work is sufficient to satisfy even the most ambitious of them. They hang about the company's store, where goods are down to *cost,* that everything may be *cleared out.* Most of the Chinamen have again donned blue flannels and white slippers. The Japs still go out and come in with the tides, but their *catch* is small. They spend much of their time about the cannery. Notice that swarthy fellow with the hip boots. That is Kashimerce. He is slyly tying a silken sash about the little brown babe that, laced to its board, dangles from a nail in the cannery wall behind its Indian mother. Alas! for the chastity of these Indian wives!

The cannery machinery runs a few hours or minutes each day. A Chinese foreman dashes about among his countrymen who are still working, crying *fie, fie* (hurry, hurry). His duties and those of the Indian foreman seem to overlap. These two individuals are continually clashing, and many a wordy battle in pigeon English or the Chinook jargon is the result.

Out in the warehouse the manager and his Chinese contractor hold counsel together. "Twenty-one thousand cases," says the former. "Not too bad—eh, Sam? I have an order for twelve thousand cases from Sydney, Australia. Can you have them ready for next boat?"

"Sulle, I tink alle lite," replies the Oriental. "I see my men." So saying he steps to the rear of the warehouse. There several smoky "Chinks" kneel before a vat of lacquer. They snatch shining tins from the mammoth stack and thrust each together with a clawlike hand and several inches of ropy arm into the brown fluid. Beside them grows a pile of stained and dripping cans, and in each, for the same reason that there was a vulnerable spot on the heel of Achilles, are the prints of a "Chink's" thumb and fingers.

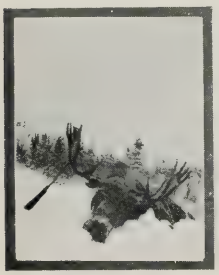
A "Trouble-Shooter" Between Telegraph Creek and Hazelton

By F. Bullock-Webster

THE life of a Yukon telegraph operator is not quite so hard as Service paints it. They do not "pig around" with unwashed faces in their dirty shacks. Usually they are tidy and keep their little cabins very clean and neat. The life is rather lonely, but there are two men in nearly all the stations, and one can always talk over the wire to the other fellows along the line. The stations are built about twenty-five or thirty miles apart, all the way from Telegraph Creek to Hazelton, with two or three refuge cabins in between, as there is a very heavy snowfall, plenty of big timber, and consequently lots of "trouble" on the wire.

At Twenty-five-mile cabin, where I was for a year, they get about ten feet of snow, which stays on the ground very often as late as July. The cabin is about five thousand feet above the sea level, just below the timber-line on the side of a mountain. There is plenty of game in the country, goat being the easiest to get. Every spring there are numbers of moose to be had.

The line supplies come in by pack-train once a year from Telegraph Creek, and as the principal things are beans and bacon, we had to depend entirely on what we could shoot. We always, however, managed to get enough fresh meat. One morning, as the wire was O. K. and there was no wind blowing, my mate and I went up on the hills at the back of the cabin to get a goat. There was about seven feet of snow in the woods, but on top of the hills it was bare. We left our snowshoes at the place where the timber ceased, and went up to look for goat on foot. We soon saw some, and after a short stalk we got two of them. We reached the station just at night, each with a load of meat. While I was getting supper the line went open south of us. That meant a trip first thing in the morning. Early in the cold dawn, carrying climbers, etc., I started over the wire to the half-way shack, where I met the man from the next station. We had found a tree or two on the way, which, having fallen across the wire, had broken it. We always stay at the refuge house for a day or two and talk things over. Then we begin to think of our more comfortable shacks which represent home to us. Then it may be a week or so, or only a day, before we have another break, during which time we have our housekeeping duties to attend to, wood to cut, traps to visit and meat to haul in with the dogs. Nearly all the men keep a dog team. In summer the spare time is easily put in hunting grouse and porcupine to keep the pot going, as moose meat won't keep long enough for two men and three dogs to eat it before it spoils. As both men are operators, in nearly every case it is possible for one of them to be away for a whole day while the other one looks after the wire. One day the man in the next station north called up to say that the station had just burned down. Soon after we received orders to go up and help him build a new one. We had a mule from Telegraph Creek to haul the logs



52-INCH MOOSE HEAD

REFUGE CABIN NEAR NAKINA

NAKINA TELEGRAPH STATION

A NAKINA GRIZZLY

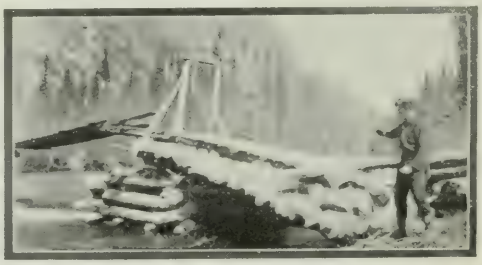
with. We lived in tents while we were doing the work, and as there was no great hurry we took a month to finish the place. The shack was thirty by sixteen feet, with two rooms. We cut about two thousand feet of lumber for it altogether and became quite expert whip-sawyers. One day I woke up early and, looking under my tent, saw two moose crossing the river just below the camp. Grabbing my rifle I rushed down and shot one of them within twenty feet of our saw pit. The others were soon down there and had it skinned and a fine assortment of steaks frying over the fire. We certainly enjoyed that moose, as we had been living on porculogs and chicken for some time. One very wet day three of us thought it was too wet to work, and as we wanted meat we went back to the hills about six miles to get some goat. We saw a bunch of about seventy-five, and soon got four nice yearlings. The young goat is capital eating, being better than ordinary mutton.

When the house was finished, I was given orders to remain there instead of at Twenty-five-mile cabin. I was glad of it, because the Iskoot was a nice place and a better game country. The next excitement was the arrival of the pack train from Telegraph Creek with the year's supplies. The pack train consists of about twenty head of cayuses in charge of three Indians. The train belongs to J. F. Callbreath, of the creek, who does the Government packing, and hires horses and men to hunt parties in the fall. We were always glad to see the train come in, as it brought mail and books and anything heavy that we had ordered during the year. Generally, too, there was a bottle or two of "hooch."

As my mate was elderly and not very energetic I used to do most of the meat hunting. When half the train went on to the next station with the grub I went to the hills for goat, intending to get them to pack the meat home for me. On my way up the mountain I met a grizzly. We made a few faces at each other and then I plugged him in the neck. He rolled down the hill, where I skinned him and cut him up ready for the return of the Indians. He was quite fat, but the hide was no use. Grizzly meat when fat and not fed on fish is very good indeed.

Soon after the packers had left us, a bunch of provincial police came wandering along with eight or ten mule loads of grub and all sorts of deadly weapons, in search of one Simon Gun-a-noot, who was wanted near Hazelton for killing a white man. They went as far as Echo Lake with the mules, then packed the stuff on their backs to a camp somewhere in the woods not far from the line. They used to go around through the woods, one man carrying a pail of sour dough and another a kettle of beans,

INDIAN PACKERS, ISKOOT



LINE CROSSING BRIDGE, NAKINA RIVER

WRANGELL, ALASKA

A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR, ISKOOT STATION

all supposed to be looking for Simon. It ended by three of the best men leaving and walking back to Telegraph Creek. Then the headman got a couple of trappers and went as slowly as possible to Hazelton. They had cost the government thousands of dollars and accomplished nothing, but to show the Indians how utterly useless they were as man-hunters.

When we had our house nicely furnished the refuge cabin, twelve miles north, was burned down by lightning, so my mate and I had to go out and build a new one. We were nearly two weeks finishing it, as the weather was bad, with nearly a foot of snow, and we were continually "shooting trouble." One day one of my dogs got a very bad dose of quills, and as we had no small pliers we could not get them out, so we left them there to work their own way out, as they nearly always do in time. When we reached home again the winter was well started. Snow fell nearly every day until there was four or five feet. Several times the wire was broken by the weight of snow on it. I have seen a roll of snow over two feet in diameter on the wire for miles at a stretch.

One day, when it was cold and fine, I thought I would go and look for a moose. About two miles from the cabin was a big willow swamp with hills at the back. I spotted a moose on the side of the hill and went around to get above him. When I got there, however, the moose had gone. I ran as hard as I could through the willows on big snow-shoes to the edge of the hill where I could watch the bottom. I soon saw three moose tearing through the willows with their long, jumping trot. I turned my Lee-Enfield on them, and by the time the magazine was empty I had all three down in line almost head to tail. I was very pleased with myself, as there was now a winter's meat quite close to camp. When they were skinned and cut I buried them in the snow. Meat will stay unfrozen in the coldest weather for days that way. The next day I cut a trail to them, and the following day my mate hauled it all up to the cabin with the dogs.

We had no sooner got it all safely hauled into the quarters than a man from Telegraph Creek came up with a message for me to leave immediately for Nakina station, about three hundred miles north. I was mad clear through, as it was November and I had all my year's supplies in camp. It was rather a shabby trick of the powers that be to move one that way without any notice. However, I packed up my ictahs and put my two dogs in the sleigh to start on the trail for Telegraph Creek. It was seventy-five miles to the creek and it took me three days to make it, as the trail over the Raspberry Creek summit (5,400 feet) was very bad. I waited at the creek till the first winter mail went through to Atlin so as to have company on the trail. We had to break trail all the way, but in spite of this we made pretty good time, as we had

INDIANS ON THE ISKOOT

ROYAL MAIL, NAKINA, ON THE ROAD TO ATLIN

good dogs and light loads. Both of us would snowshoe ahead and the dogs would follow behind.

When we reached Nahlin station, which is sixty miles from Nakina station, my dog —which had the dose of quills in the fall— was taken very ill. We had to take him out of the team and he did not get into camp till late that night, and his head was so swollen the poor beggar couldn't eat.

When we reached the Nakina summit we met my new partner, who had come up to break trail for us. You can be sure we were very glad to see him, as we had had twenty miles of heavy snow-shoeing and there were still ten miles ahead of us. We reached Nakina station, which is on the river of that name, two thousand seven hundred feet below the summit, about seven in the evening. That is the time a man really and truly appreciates a shot of hot rum.

The climate at Nakina was quite different from that at Iskoot. There is never more than five feet of snow, but it is twice as cold. The timber is quite small, therefore there is very little trouble on the wire. The temperature for December and January that year averaged twenty-four degrees below zero. The coldest day was sixty-three below. As there was plenty of wood already cut there was not much to do. There were only three breaks during the year, if I remember rightly. We spent much of our time reading and photographing, both of us being keen camera fiends. One day I thought I wanted a new pair of snowshoes, so I went off to the woods to look for sticks. I found some good ones and made the frames in a day or so. When they were dry I filled them, having learned to "fill" from a klooch while working for the Hudson's Bay Company farther north.

I had shot a couple of sheep (*Ovis Stonei*) on the mountains and left them there till my partner and I could go up with the dogs to haul them home. When we went we left the dogs at the timber line and started straight up the mountain. When the ascent became too steep for snowshoes we left them and continued on foot. When we were about three-fourths of the way up the whole hillside started to slide downward with a terrific roar. We were upset and buried almost immediately and rolled down

MR. BULLOCK-WEBSTER

the mountain at a tremendous pace. Luckily there was a ledge on the face of the slope, and when the slide struck it an eddy was formed which threw us both up on top. The snow was still sliding and carried us down about one hundred yards further. We were both pretty well bruised and twisted, but no bones were broken. When we had dug the snow out of our eyes and ears we found our snowshoes were buried, and I had lost my mitts, cap and rifle. My partner had lost his mitts and his axe. There was about fifty feet of snow piled in the gulch where the slide stopped, and if we had not been tossed out in the eddy we would never have gotten out at all. The following day we went out again and carried the sheep safely down to the timber, where we put them on the sleighs, and thus into camp. The spring is the best time in that country. Then there are beautiful warm days and no flies. If one must travel there is generally a crust till ten a.m. Thus it is necessary to travel from two till nine and from

SIWASH CAMP

five till eight in the evening. About June is flood time in the rivers, and after the water goes down a little there is good fishing. Some of the stations get salmon, others rainbow trout, greyling, dolly-varden and lake trout. There was good fishing in the Nakima, but the best on the line was in the Do-de-donty river between the Nahlin and Shesly stations. There the fish are literally swarming in the water.

There is a good field for a prospector between Atlin and Telegraph Creek, which ground has hardly been touched for more than a mile from the trail. I am sure there will be some good quartz and placer found there before long. My partner used to go prospecting sometimes, but as he was not an expert he never found anything of much value. In the fall I wanted to get a good sheep head to take home, so I went up to the mountains early one morning and soon spotted a bunch of sheep. After a long stalk I got around and above them. I shot the largest one, and when I reached him I was very pleased to find he had a great head. I packed the head on myself and two legs of mutton on each of my two dogs. Then we hit the trail for camp. The head, when measured six months after, went sixteen and a half inches round the base of the horn, and forty-one inches long round the curl. This is, I believe, a record for the Ovis Fannini. That was a very good fall for game. I shot a very large grizzly, two black bears, and a large moose, all of which I sent out to Atlin by a returning prospector who had some horses. About the middle of April I hitched up my dogs and started for Telegraph Creek, which I made in about ten days. The last forty miles of the trail were bare excepting the summit, which is about nine miles from Telegraph Creek.

MR. BULLOCK-WEBSTER AND PACK-DOGS

16½-INCH HEAD, OVIS FANNINI. RECORD HEAD FOR SPECIES

When I reached there, the free trader, Mr. J. Hyland, was about to start down the river with his furs and mail in a canoe, so I said good-bye to the line and went down with him to Wrangell, Alaska. There I took the boat for Vancouver and civilization after five years spent in the "Great Lone Land."

Wireless Telegraphy in British Columbia

By Alfred Hustwick

TWENTY minutes' ride by street-car from the business section of Victoria a tree-studded bulk of rock and soil lifts a ragged outline against the sky and frowns upon the peaceful waters of Shoal Bay. Out in the Strait of Juan de Fuca the navigator may mark the spreading foot of black cliffs which it pushes into the sea and know that he is near Victoria, for although local usage has bestowed other names upon it, the headland is Gonzales Point, and the hill which looms behind it bears the same appellation. Thus is the memory of the Senor Gonzales Lopez de Haro, first mate of the Spanish exploring sloop Princess Royal, preserved to posterity for all time.

It is doubtful, however, if Gonzales Hill can make its chief claim to historical importance as the monument of the gallant Spaniard whose eyes first beheld its virgin ruggedness in the year 1790. Today it is better known as the site of the first wireless station erected by the Dominion government in British Columbia, the forerunner of nine excellent aids to navigation built and operated by Canada for the benefit of shipping on the Pacific. The erection of the white-painted mast which lifts the antennæ of the Marconi apparatus at Gonzales nearly two hundred feet above the crest of the hill marked a new chapter in the history of wireless telegraphy in this country.

Quite naturally, both in this country and the United States, the authorities devoted considerable time and money to the building of stations on the Atlantic, where the greater volume of shipping was to be served, before turning attention to this coast. Plans for stations in British Columbia were under consideration at Ottawa in 1905, but their consummation was delayed by a disagreement between the Federal government and the Marconi company. The latter concern sought to confine the business of the Canadian stations to communication with vessels equipped with the Marconi apparatus, and the government, seeing in this an attempt at monopoly, rightly refused to accede to such conditions. Suit was threatened by the wireless company to compel the acceptance of its terms by the government, but was later dropped after the department of marine and fisheries had inaugurated a new policy by providing for the erection of five stations in British Columbia which were built by government workmen, fitted with the Shoemaker wireless apparatus, and operated without regard to the Marconi concern.

In 1907 Mr. Cecil Doutre, who at that time combined the position of wireless superintendent with his office of purchasing agent for the marine and fisheries department, was sent to this coast and, after a careful study of conditions, selected the site for the head station at Gonzales Hill, Victoria, and recommended the location of the other four stations at Point Grey, near Vancouver; Cape Lazo, on the east coast of Vancouver Island; and Pachena and Estevan Points, on the grisly west coast. Work was carried on with great dispatch, and on September 1 the Gonzales Hill station was put in operation, communication being established with Point Grey about a month later. The remaining stations were soon completed, forming a chain which was more than equal to the demands made upon it by shipping until last year, when three stations were added, one at Prince Rupert, another at Ikeda Head, in the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the last of the trio at Triangle Island, a high, barren, and wind-scourged rock in the lonely Scott group, off the north coast of Vancouver Island. By the time this article appears in print a ninth station, at Dead

Tree Point, near Skidegate, will be operating.

Looking backwards to the inauguration of the service in British Columbia the growth of radio-telegraphy on the Pacific appears in a truly remarkable light. When Gonzales Hill and Point Grey exchanged their first messages only one vessel engaged in the coastwise trade of the province was equipped. This was the steamer Camosun, which carried a Marconi set, but was unable to communicate with shore stations owing to the company's restrictions as to the exchange of messages with other systems. On the United States coast only three steamers were equipped, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company having installed the Massie apparatus on their San Pedro, San Francisco and Puget Sound liners President, Governor and City of Puebla. Above the Columbia river four stations were operating in Washington and Oregon, but three of these were simply stock-selling factors owned by a company which is now defunct.

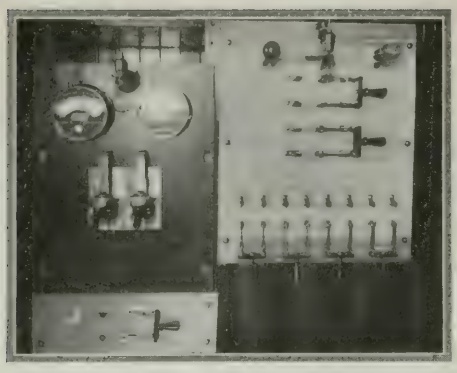
In a little more than three years marvellous progress has been made and today nine stations, representing an outlay of a quarter of a million dollars, exclusive of operating expenses, are at work on the British Columbia coast, forming, with thirteen United States government stations and a similar number owned by private companies, a chain of thirty-five stations between Cordova, Alaska, and San Diego, California. The number of steamships, both ocean and coastwise, sailing regularly into Pacific ports and carrying wireless is, at the time of writing, 112, and this figure does not include warships and vessels employed in various services by the Dominion and United States governments.

THE GONZALAS HILL WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION

THE HIGH-TENSION ROOM AT GONZALES HILL, SHOWING THE MARCONI ROTARY SPARK-GAP

Truly the expansion of radio-telegraphy can be reckoned more wonderful than that of any other discovery in modern times!

In the limited space of a magazine article it is, of course, impossible to do full justice to Canadian enterprise as represented in the peerless system of stations which have so far been put into service. The continued improvement of apparatus attendant upon the astounding development of the wireless art has made the task of keeping the stations abreast of the times anything but easy. Quite often the department of marine and fisheries has been called upon to change completed plans, and in many cases has been forced to discard expensive instruments in order that new and vastly improved equipment might be taken advantage of. Unremitting experimentation, study of



SWITCHBOARD, GONZALES HILL

INSTRUMENT ROOM, GONZALES HILL STATION, VICTORIA, SHOWING VALVE-TUNER IN LEFT-HAND SIDE OF PICTURE

local conditions and anticipation of future needs have been necessary in bringing the service to its present efficient state.

The burden of work entailed by these considerations fell heavily upon the shoulders of Mr. Doutre as the first superintendent of wireless in the Dominion, and, in face of all the difficulties attending the establishment of the service, this gentleman proved himself a capable and progressive official. A couple of years ago Mr. C. P. Edwards, who as a member of Signor Marconi's private staff, had been identified with the erection of stations in the east, was appointed to the position which Mr. Doutre had temporarily held. In securing Mr. Edwards' services the government made an acquisition of a decidedly profitable character. He is reckoned among the foremost of the world's wireless experts, having been closely associated with Marconi almost from the inception of practical communication in the late nineties. Under his supervision the Canadian stations have been brought to a pitch of excellence exceeded by those of no other country, and the government's policy of building and operating its own stations has been carried on with complete success.

As an illustration of the strides which the service has made since Mr. Edwards' appointment a brief description of the conduct of the British Columbia stations, which are equal to any in the Dominion, will serve. The first apparatus installed in these stations, as the reader has noted, was that known as the Shoemaker system. Single sets, having a capacity of one kilowatt and an average range of 100 miles, were then utilised and proved more than capable of meeting existing conditions. The amicable settlement of the differences existing between the Ottawa authorities and the Marconi company, however, made the use of the latter's equipment advisable, as the experience of the government experts on the Atlantic coast had convinced them of its superiority over rival devices. Under the supervision of Mr. Edwards the Pacific coast stations have now been fitted with the very latest type of Marconi plants, duplicated in each station to insure continuity of service in case of a temporary breakdown, and having a variable range of 250 to 350 miles under even the most adverse atmospheric and weather conditions. Experienced operators have been secured and a service of 17 hours out of each 24 has been maintained without interruption, while arrangements are almost completed for the employment of a third operator at every station which will allow of continual operation.

To familiarize the reader of this article with the equipment of the stations a brief description of the headquarers at Victoria, of which the other plants are more or less duplicates, should prove interesting. Sheltered from the violence of the winds that occasionally howl over the crest of Gonzales Hill is a neat, one-storey frame building in which the Marconi instruments and generating plant are housed. In one of the three rooms there is a six h.p. gasoline engine, mounted on a heavy concrete bed, and by means of a dynamo the power furnished by this engine develops a current of 110 volts. In the central room there is a condensing plant which steps this current up to 50,000 volts; and here is also located Marconi's "synchronous rotary spark-gap," the latest word in apparatus designed to produce the oscillatory discharge of electric

waves which is the basic principle of wireless communication. Most people are now familiar with the crackling, blinding "spark" which, in nearly all wireless plants, can be seen and heard whenever messages are being sent. With the rotary spark-gap not only is the oscillatory discharge more efficient than in other types, but the noise and brilliancy of the spark are greatly minimized The simple pressing of a key in the remaining room of the operating house, where the sending and receiving apparatus are installed, releases a vibrating emission of electricity which is carried by the antennæ to the ariel at the top of the wireless mast from where it radiates through the ether in the form of waves.

The receiving apparatus used is of three types at present, these being known as the "Perikon," "Silicon" and the Marconi "Valve-tuner" detectors. The last-named is the latest invention of the great Italian and the Canadian government is one of its first users. The extreme sensitiveness of this instrument and the superior range of its adjustability have been proved by tests at Gonzales Hill and it is intended to shortly install it at all British Columbia stations.

This, in short, is the equipment. The conduct of the stations is on a similar high plane of efficiency as the apparatus employed. Since the British Columbia service was commenced communication has never once been interrupted between any of the stations, and the staff of operators has shown itself the equal of any similar body of men. On several occasions the Shipping Federation of Canada and other maritime interests have paid tribute, not only to the enterprise of the government, but also to the zeal and ability of its wireless operators in making the stations on both oceans real and reliable aids to navigation. Thrice daily the British Columbia stations, working in conjunction with that on Tatoosh Island, at the entrance to the strait of Juan de Fuca, furnish reports on weather and shipping which are printed in the Vancouver and Victoria newspapers and supplied to interested parties for the asking. In addition to this public service—from which no revenue accrues—the stations handle commercial business between ship and shore, often in connection with land wires; keep communication open when the latter are out of business; report casualties to shipping; keep tally on the government steamers and assist them in their work of maintaining the buoy, beacon and light service, and, in a thousand and one different ways, maintain a watch and ward over a vast area of inland and ocean waters.

EDWARD J. HAUGHTON
DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT RADIO-TELEGRAPHS, B. C.

How vast may be judged from the recent exchange of messages between Triangle Island and Honolulu, over 2,600 miles distant!

As indicative of the manner in which the business of the stations has grown it may be mentioned that in the last six months of 1909 a total of 8,444 messages were handled by the radio-telegraph service in this province, while last year no fewer than 50,-113 were received and sent.

With the establishment of the Canadian navy the wireless, or radio-telegraph, service was transferred from the control of the marine and fisheries department to the naval service. The stations in this province are

now under supervision of Mr. Edward J. Haughton, who was the pioneer operator at Gonzales Hill and was made district superintendent for British Columbia when the office was created in 1908. Previous to entering the service Mr. Haughton had charge of the Dominion land wire running from Victoria to Barkley Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, operating this line in conjunction with a position on the Victoria staff of the C. P. R. telegraph, with which he was connected for seventeen years. Both as an operator and in his present executive capacity he has shown remarkable ability, and no review of wireless progress in Canada, and especially in British Columbia, would be complete without some tribute to his capabilities.

The Rhythm

By G. E. WOODBERRY

(From Scribner's Magazine)

The rhythm of beauty beat in my blood all day;
The rhythm of passion beat in my blood all night;
The morning came, and it seemed the end of the world.

Day, thou wast so beautiful I held my breath from song!
Night, how passion-wild thy throb, how voiceless, O how strong!
The night was not more lonely than the day;—
But death-deep was the glimmer of the snow-dawn far away.

I remember the throb of beauty that caught my throat from song,
And the wilder throb when passion held me voiceless the night long;
And life with speed gone silent swept to its seas untold,—
But O, the death-white glory on the pale height far and cold!

When passion gives beauty yet one day more the rapture of my breath,
Ever a luminous silence comes dawn, and the chill more cold than death;
But rhythm to rhythm, deep unto deep, through the years my spirit is hurled,
As when that morning on Etna came, and it seemed the end of the world.

This is it to be immortal, O Life found death after death,
From the deep of passion and beauty to draw the infinite breath,
To be borne through the throb and the throe and the sinking heart of strife,
And to find in the trough one more billow of thy infinite rhythm, O Life!

The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club

FROM COCKLE-SHELLS TO THE FLOATING PALACES OF MILLIONAIRES

By Robin C. Baily

THOSE twin-powers of marine modernity —steam and electricity — already dominate the seas, but while there are still alive men with the Viking strain in their blood, the billowy sail will never be entirely swept away.

Thus it is that in Vancouver, the last word in twentieth-century civilization, the ready adapter of the most recent wrinkles of workshop and laboratory, the yacht is still the most beloved of craft.

This city laves its feet in the finest cruising ground of the Seven Seas. Both the dinky little dinghy cheekily exposing a sail, and the majestic queen of the yachting realm that measures her spread of canvas by the acre, find here ideal conditions. The small fry possess the Fraser River, a whole world of water with two mighty arms threading their way amidst wondrous fairy lands into the very roots of the Rockies. It would take the owner of one of these trim, if tiny, vessels a century to explore the countless inlets, nooks and crannies, each with some intrinsic beauty of its own, all immune from bold winds and stormy seas. The larger craft have the far-flung Gulf of Georgia, from Juan de Fuca to Seymour Straits—a matchless reach of partially protected waters, where sometimes "stormy winds do blow" and there is just enough of the swing of ocean surges to lend zest to the pleasure of the Saturday afternoon sailor.

Canadians make the most of their opportunities, and therefore naught is surprising in the fact that Vancouver has the best and biggest yacht club on the Pacific Coast.

How it came to be started and has matured from a humble bevy of cockle-shells to a powerful club commanding a squadron of scudding greyhounds worth half a million or more of dollars is an interesting story. Also, it has a quaint beginning. The first yacht race in Vancouver waters to compel public attention to any considerable degree was that now historic contest 'twixt the Pirate and Halcyon in 1902. The course was from English Bay around Bowen Island and back. A desperately exciting struggle terminated at midnight in a gale of wind, and there was

CAPT. R. K. SCARLETT'S CANUCK

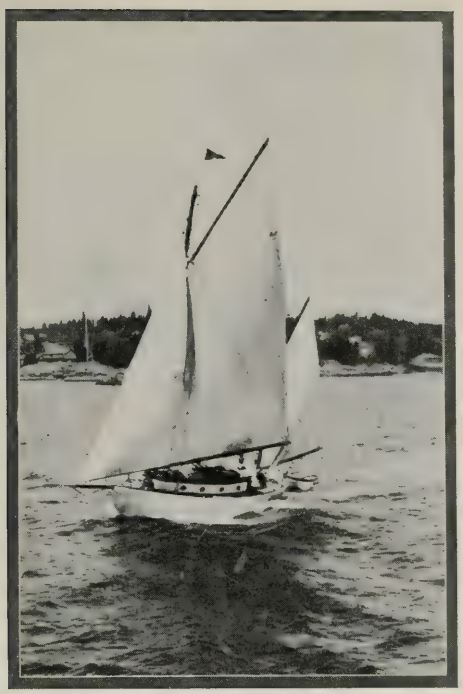
another storm afterwards—a human one—regarding which yacht had won. The race was repeated a week later, and the Pirate then prevailed. This event served a useful purpose in greatly stimulating the general interest in the yacht club, which prior to that time had been carrying on a somewhat obscure existence. Emerson says somewhere that any great institution is but the length of the shadow of a man's shadow, and the R. V. Y. C. corroborates this claim. The man in the case is Mr. Walter C. Graveley. He came to British Columbia exuding yachting enthusiasm and covered with laurels achieved in some of the most famous cutters on Lake Ontario. He found an abundance of boats of various shapes and sizes, but no club to control the pastime, and he straightway set himself to supply the deficiency. Among those who helped launch the new venture were Captain P. M. Thompson, Mr. R. H. Alexander, Mr. A. E. Thynne, Mr. E. B. Deane, Mr. W. E. Thompson and Mr Alec. Marshall. The last named came from the east bubbling with aquatic zeal, and was for some years one of the most prominent members of the Rowing Club. Indeed, from the start the rigorous training of the oarsman's organization has rendered it an excellent nursery for the Yacht Club.

Very humble were the first beginnings of the fleet that now includes nearly four hundred sail and is privileged to use the proud prefix "Royal" and the right to fly the blue pennant. The pioneer members had little more than a bevy of cockle-shells. They were glad to use part of the Vancouver Rowing Club's headquarters at the transfer barge west of the C. P. R. wharf. In 1903 a migration was made to the present position at Stanley Park, where a new, convenient and comfortable clubhouse was erected last year. The old one was destroyed by fire two Christmases ago. Those in a position to know declare that the success of the club is largely due to the predominance of the small boat. From the first the young yachtsmen who owe allegiance to the burgee of the R. V. Y. C. have learned to endure the minor hardships attached to cruising in the more diminutive craft, and have thus acquired that alert resourcefulness inseparable from intimacy with the sea. Even today, when the millionaire's palace upon the waters may be seen flaunting the Vancouver colors, the small vessel (that is the finest school for the true yachtsman) is still in the majority and the crews are the very backbone of the pastime on the coast. The fair-weather sailor, who achieves a nautical appearance on the deck of a luxurious steam yacht, but can neither reef a sail nor steer a course, does not flourish in these parts.

MR. R. O. ALEXANDER, COMMODORE R.V.Y.C.

"Let go the spanker boom!" thundered the captain. "I ain't touching anything," replied the land-lubber in a grievous tone. There are none of these in the R. V. Y. C. Four or five years ago the thirty-footer represented the apex of the aspiration of the local large boatowner: now there are fifty-footers, and the style of craft that challenge for the America Cup will soon be here.

A comprehensive history of the races that have been organized at various times would require more space than the scope of this article allows. The civic holiday has always been the occasion of competitions for all the classes to be found in the locality, and of recent years there have almost been too many competitions of divergent importance. It is the purpose of the officers of the club to confine the contests to regatta



GAZEEKA

days, thus affording members more opportunity for the pleasure of cruising.

Among the races in which the club has played a part that demand special reference are those for the international trophy, the Dunsmuir Cup, offered by the Lieutenant-Governor of the province. In the first dash for this America Cup of the Pacific in 1907 the Alexandra, owned by Mr. E. B. Dean, R. V. Y. C., was defeated by Spirit, especially designed to beat the Canadian for a member of the Seattle Yacht Club. In the following year the Vancouver vessel had an ample revenge and showed her American adversary a clean pair of heels. This triumph was remarkable for the skilful seamanship displayed by the Canadian crew. As has unhappily been the case with so many other international competitions, the race in 1909 closed in an acute discussion. Spirit II was built to try for the cup by the Americans, but it was conclusively proved by the Canadians that she did not come within the class for which the trophy was offered. Last year there was no race in the series, but it is hoped that there may be a renewal of the events in the future, as although the excitement stirred up by the international competition is apt to provoke irritation, the immense interest created is undoubtedly beneficial for sport. The Americans at present rate their yachts according to the universal rule, a system of measurement devised by themselves. All of the other yachting nations divide their craft according to the international rule. It was by that code that the Dunsmuir Cup races were intended to be regulated, and until the United States sportsmen are willing to join the fold there seems little likelihood of the international trials being continued.

Last year there was some excellent racing at the meeting of the North Western Yachting Association at Victoria. For the outstanding event of the regatta five boats started, with the wind blowing at thirty knots an hour. A series of minor disasters marked the start. The sails of Haidee were blown to ribbons; Gwenole, a Victoria boat, retired; Gazeeka, of Vancouver, had her peak-halyards carried away and was left limping along like a beautiful bird with a broken wing. Thus Uwhilna, of Canada, the present flagship of the fleet of the Vancouver Yacht Club, and Aquilla, representing the United States, were left alone to fight for victory. The Uwhilna trounced the foreigner by five minutes. She caught her rival on the way out to the second buoy on the last round and after that the Blue Peter flaunted jauntily ahead of the Stars and Stripes until the end. Mr. R. O. Alexander, the present commodore of the club, was a member of the winning crew on that and many other interesting occasions, and proved himself an efficient sailor. He was the first boy to be born in Vancouver, and from his knickerbocker days onward has always been sailing in something. He once formed a model yacht club, and the deft handling of those toy models doubtless imparted to him the marine artistry he now displays when manipulating the stately Uwhilna.

The yacht with the impossible name, the Indian for Osprey, was evolved by Mr. Mower, the well-known New York designer. She is constructed of teak, and copper fastened, and was constructed across the Pacific at Shanghai, where labor and wood are cheap. She was brought to Vancouver in the S.S. Monteagle. Mr. Alexander

calculates that it would have cost him twice as much to have had the boat made in Canada. Another of the stately swans of the squadron, Captain P. N. Thompson's Minerva, was built at Hong Kong. She is fashioned of fir, and with her graceful yawl rig is fifty feet of pure yachting beauty. The Roman goddess Wisdom has indeed a worthy representative on the blue limpid waters of the estuaries of the Pacific. Haidee, belonging to Messrs. Alfred Layley and Sexsmith, is another costly and lovely vessel. The Gazeeka, the fine cruiser of the retiring commodore, Mr. C. D. McNeil, is a fleet and excellent roughwater boat. The Alexandra, of Mr. E. B. Dean, has already been referred to; she performed the pleasant patriotic duty of whipping the American challenger and is prepared to repeat the offence whenever the yachtsmen of the great republic are ready.

The last phase of the club is the arrival of the motor-boat. The vessel propelled by oil or electricity has undoubtedly come to stay, and already these automobiles of the sea outnumber their sail-bedecked rivals in the club by three to one. A judicious combination of sails and power is perhaps the most useful equipment for the Vancouver man. He can then thread his tortuous path amidst the myriad channels of the inland seas and fly before the breeze with the thud of the engine stilled in the wide vistas of the Gulf. Vancouver craft have to be as adaptable as their owners. The Yacht Club has been led by some of the best men on the Pacific Coast, and a list of the commodores is impressive reading.

The present officers are carrying on the traditional policy of their predecessors, maintaining the high traditions that go with the blue pennant of a royal yacht club, yet devising enterprising means of fostering the great British sport. Mr. R. O. Alexander, the commodore for 1911, is six feet of genial determination fit to handle any boat afloat. The vice-commodore, Major Hulme, is quite an Admirable Crichton. In the dim, dusty law courts he is an erudite dispenser of legal knowledge and a formidable opponent in forensic fight; on the parade ground he becomes a smart soldier and can move troops with the best of them; but he is truly in his element on the glittering, buoyant waves of the Gulf, when the clouds

SLANI

are herding before a brisk breeze—just watch Hulme tack to windward. The rear commodore, Alec. Marshall, is one of those Ontario personages who have acquired the western spirit and anything worth while in these parts. He pulled with a straight back and a perfect feather in the Rowing Club, and he now runs his fine sailer with the deft skill Charlie Beresford does a battleship. It is a remarkable fact that some of the best sailors have been reared in Ontario, which shows that the new division of the imperial navy, the Canadian fleet, can secure crews of the old bulldog breed among the men who have studied the little ways of the water on the saltless seas of this marvellous country.

Mr. R. W. Holland, the recent secretary, has discharged the duties of his office to the universal satisfaction of all concerned for

SPIRIT I

six years. He can talk like Shelley about yachting, and of winter evenings by the fireside can conjure up pictures of summer sunshine and blue bays flecked by scudding sail. He is the public orator of the club, and his post-prandial addresses are always a pleasing interlude at festive functions. Mr. Holland is proud of the fact that a model yacht club, of which his sons are the life and soul, meets occasionally. In a humble, gloomy chamber he believes that sailing schemes are being evolved that may give Vancouver the honor of taking from the Americans that cup which the restless Atlantic has denied to Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Dunraven and other plucky and persistent sportsmen. The honored treasurer — most appropriately named Breeze—Mr. W. Breeze, is another keen sailor.

The right to fly the Blue Peter of a royal yacht club is only granted by the King and the admiralty to organizations of first-class standing. The dark blue color with the Union Jack in the corner is supposed to stand for all that goes with the sportsmanship of the sea. "Win, but lose rather than descend to some poor trick," is the code of His Majesty's yachtsmen.

A well-known naval officer, who knew more than a little of the inner workings of the R. V. Y. C., once declared: "The honor of the Blue Peter was never in better hands." He is a blunt person, so this was high, if terse, praise.

* * *

The following are a few of the many fine vessels to be found in the club's squadron:

Vessel	Owner	Kind
Dolaura	Jas. Dunsmuir	Steam
Maple Leaf	A Maclaren	Ketch, Aux.
Olympic	G. P. Ashe	Yawl, Aux.
Tru Montana	P. G. Brooks	Yawl, Aux.
Uwhilna	R. H. Alexander	Yawl, Aux.
Minerva	Capt. P. N. Thompson	Yawl, Aux.
Gazeeka	C. B. Macneill	Yawl, Aux.
Ivanhoe	C. A. Jodson	Sloop, Aux.
Clsatnay	C. A. Davidson	Sloop, Aux.
Alexandra	E. B. Deane	Sloop
Spirit	R. E. & C. Cas	Sloop
Haidee	A. J. Langley	Yawl, Aux.
Amorila	J. Richardson	Sloop
Mow Ping	B. T. Rogers	Steam
Bertha	J. P. Roberts	Yawl, Aux.
Cuilada	Jno. Hendry	Gas
Oolaly	H. Barnard	Gas
Chakawana	Capt. F. B. Turner	Gas
Puaale Duck	H. de W. King	Gas
Ysidro	H. S. Butler	Gas
Davy Jones	E. B. Deane	Gas
Kleeka	E. P. Davis	Gas
Half Moon	Knox Walkem	Gas
Whistle Wing	F. W. Foster	Gas
Kinghin	G. S. Gull	Gas
Sunbeam	R. Keely	Gas
Building	W. A. Bauer	Gas
Building	A. Houston	Gas
Building	J. M. Wryley	Gas
Building	W. A. Akhurst	Gas
Forest Queen	N. A. Mackinnon	Gas
Falma	F. S. de Pey	Gas
Building	W. S. Holland	Gas
Lady Van	Major H. D. Hulme	Gas
Grey Lady	E. A. C. Studd	Gas
Lavita	E. W. McLean	Sloop, Aux.

Skipper Gott's "Spot of Fish"

By Pollough Pogue

A PANORAMA of hill slopes, indigo blue and tranquil green, with vast coatings of forest; snow-topped mountains of roughest geological sculpture hanging like a huge curtain shutting out a world that lies behind them; a mighty run of foaming surf licking the beach beneath—this is the elemental coast of British Columbia seen from the deck of a fishing steamer scouting for unharvested halibut grounds in Hecate Straits and farther. Also when God made this rough coast He tossed a handful of islands into the sea, here and there.

Romance is supposed to be a foreign commodity, but a short time ago my grey indoor life intersected with the lives of some halibut fishermen who live romance every day and think it monotony, on dancing waters up and down a coast wonderful with dark forest and mountains, that look as if every lonely canyon might open upon elfland. I spent a week in a fishing vessel on the halibut banks with men who are never long enough ashore to get the salt of the sea out of their hair.

After coaling at Nanaimo, and taking in fifty casks of bait, the New England Fish Company's steam-trawler Manhattan, Capt. John Gott, cleared for the Hecate Strait halibut grounds. Plodding along a dangerous coast, in summer time obscured by the smoke of forest fires, thicker than fog; in winter visited by mist, snow and icy gales, is her daily business. Her crew have all the hardships and take all the chances of going to sea, and no enticing foreign port with new color and fresh sights for jaded eyes awaits her at the end of the run; for them only monotonous familiarity with the fishing banks that dulls the mind. She is a well-found little ship, designed for her work. Her dorymen, who man the twelve big Cape Ann dories stowed in two nests on deck in her stern, knew the Newfoundland banks before they saw Hecate Straits. They and the crews of the other fishing steamers of the Vancouver fleet are a little backwater diverted by circumstances to the Pacific from the main current of hardy fishermen who follow their uncomfortable and hazardous sea toil on the offshore eastern fishing grounds, famous in story and song.

When we left the parquetry of field and town, and wood and hill, and the giant

black-boned, stilt-legged anatomies that pour coal into ships' bunkers, which is Nanaimo, and went out to the angry tumble of gray streaked with savage lines of white, which was the Gulf of Georgia, it was 2 o'clock. The little Manhattan began her devil's dance as soon as we were outside. Now she drove her iron nose into the piling waves and then she sat down on her iron tail. The sun was running down his western grade and little rainbows of prismatic color flashed in every snowy pulverization of flying scud that came over the weather bow. As the last sunset opal faded out of the sky I thought of all the ships that have peopled the unpent sea since the world-old winds first ridged the deep waters—the swift galleys of Troy; the oared triremes of Rome; the galeons of Venice with pictured sails like banners; the great carved Indian canoes, with their staring, painted eyes; the gaudy Chinese junks, like huge cisterns afloat with sails of matting; argosies and men-of-war, from the beginning of sailorizing to the present, back along an almost infinite perspective. The Manhattan danced like a tipsy bacchante, and the darkening sea seemed cruel and lonely and empty. An epic struggle between metaphysics and pathology was going on inside me. A brown fisherman showed me the patent sounding machine in the stern, by which soundings are taken at full speed, but I could not get interested in that glittering marine instrument. I was suddenly disillusioned with mortal life, and through the windows of my eyes I saw only the hollow spaces of the sea, dark with shadows. My soaring imagination drooped on lame wings. My muscles softened to tallow. I climbed up into a big dory and sat among its gear—trawl, anchors, buoys, gob-sticks, oars, baling dishes, and a raffle of line. The thumb-hand corner of British Columbia was a black shadow three miles away on the right side. Overhead were the wonderful white stars of the sea. The topmast dory in the nest is a good place to fight seasickness on board a fishboat. For an hour I fought against the mountain of sickness crushing me.

When I came on deck next morning (I had gone to sleep in the mate's bunk after I had conquered my sickness in the gurry-smelling dory) it was breakfast time. I went forward to the Manhattan's galley in the forecastle. The ship was plunging in a heavy ground swell; the sky was of fathomless turquoise; the offshore appetite was mine. The homely, substantial plenty of the Manhattan's table, a common table for all hands, from skipper to stokers, is the kind that outdoor workers want, but don't always get. The New England Fish Company is not stingy in providing stores. The crews of the fishboats do not have to live mostly on fish, as a good many people ashore think. The Manhattan's cook feeds the men on fresh beef, fresh pork, beans, potatoes, carrots, cabbages, celery, onions, bread made fresh every day, puddings, pies made with fresh eggs and apples, preserved fruits, everything—all the "extras" that the men on the Eastern coast fishing vessels have to buy with their own money and add to the ship's stores themselves.

The deep-sea lead on the fishing steamers is the finger with which the skipper sends down to feel the bottom, to grope for the fish. It is a long lead finger, with its feely, sensitive tip dipped in lard. The sand or the bits of broken shell or gravel stick to the greased finger-tip. When the captain and the pilot, who look as if they would be at home somewhere not far from the pine groves of Cape Cod, are looking for a "spot of fish," they take sounding every few miles, and the bottom brought up by the lead indicates the neighborhood of the fish. The skipper can tell where the fish are likely to be from the character of the bottom, the weather and the time of year. This was what they were doing when I came up the forecastle ladder. The skipper and the pilot were feeling the seabed for fish probabilities. Two deck hands were heaving the hand lead over the port rail just under the bridge. After the "blue pigeon" had been hauled in over the side, and its gravelly, shelly message from Davy Jones' locker read, the Yankee pilot would motion to the ear-ringed sailor at the wheel to change the course a little.

"No' no' the' 'bout thirty mile, an' I call'ate we'l find good shell gravel at eight fathoms, and mebbe a good spot o' fish," said the pilot. "We're not far from the land." He was thinking of the three-mile limit, and for a few minutes discussed the

(Continued on Page 228)

Women of the West in Clubland

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, VANCOUVER, B. C.

By Blanche E. Holt Murison

"In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit."

"THIS phenomenal city!" Those words wrote themselves, for they have been jingling in my brain, and trembling to the point of my pen a dozen times since I heard them uttered not long since by a valiant woman worker of the west, in the course of a report she was submitting to a committee.

The tireless efforts of these indomitable women workers of the west, with their broad-gauged judgment, their larger views and their deep and abiding sympathy for the sick and suffering, must, and do, compel the respect and admiration of all who come within the ever-widening radius of their kindly influence.

Truly the women of the west are a sisterhood of a noble order; an order it is a privilege and an honor to be associated with. Although its records may find no official place in the annals of church or state, they are none the less indelibly traced across the closely written pages of progress that make the story of this Last Great West such wonderful reading.

The introduction of the Athenæum club into the busy circle of the women of Vancouver deserves a page to itself, bringing, as it does, old traditions and new ideals to the elevating of the standard of womanhood in the west.

In the constitution adopted by the Athenæum club the clause relating to membership reads: "The members shall be women, elected by the general committee, engaged professionally in art, literature, science or handicrafts; or whose qualification for membership shall consist in an active personal interest in the welfare, development and educational progress of women."

When properly established, the home of the club will have its reception-room, dining-room, members' room, reading and

MRS. JAMES MACAULEY

DR. LAZELLE ANDERSON

MRS. R. H. ALEXANDER

writing rooms, dressing-rooms, etc., so that its members will be able to find that restful seclusion that is such a stimulus to tired brain and body.

The three R's that make such a delightful combination when bracketed together (rest, recreation and refreshment) will each bring its quota of charm to the atmosphere of the club. Here the tired woman may snatch a little rest in a restful way; the busy woman may find the relaxation she is in need of; and the hungry woman may satisfy the cravings of a healthy appetite at a dainty board set in pleasant and congenial surroundings.

Something like a home, that is not a home, but yet may radiate the atmosphere of home, is what the founders hope many of its more lonely members may find in the Athenæum club.

The officers and committee comprise some of the best-known women in Vancouver, and represent the highest branches of culture—art, literature, music, science and handicrafts. Those who are not actually engaged professionally in the world of woman's work bring to the club that charm of gracious personality, that ripe experience and mature judgment, which will prove invaluable to its future development and well-being.

The names of the ladies elected to be officers and to constitute the committee are: Honorary president, Mrs. R. H. Alexander; honorary vice-presidents, Mrs. Lefevre, Mrs. J. C. Keith, Mrs. M. A. Maclean; president, Mrs. James Macauley; general committee, Dr. Lazelle Anderson, Mrs. Ewing Buchan, Mrs. Bayfield (senior), Mrs. A. L. Dewar, Mrs. Dougall (North Vancouver), Mrs. R. B. Ellis, Miss Clara Fazan, Miss Laverock, Miss Ethel Lawson, Mrs. W. J. Holt Murison, Miss Macfarlane, Mrs. P. J. Mackay, Mrs. J. C. McLagan and Miss Isabel Maclean.

To give to each name its merited meed of praise would take more space than is at my disposal; but with such an able body of women to guide and control its destiny, the success of the Athenæum club is a foregone conclusion.

While the name selected for this, Vancouver's first club for professional women, is an ambitious choice, it is a peculiarly happy one. The women of the west are ambitious women, and are not content to let the object of their ambition remain beyond them for the want of the necessary effort to reach out and grasp it.

The name Athenæum would seem to be a popular one for literary and artistic clubs; there are, I believe, no fewer than four Athenæum clubs in London alone. The first club so called was founded by the Emperor Hadrian, in Rome, about the year one hundred and thirty-three, and existed as the

MRS. P. J. MACKAY

MRS. EWING BUCHAN

"Schola Romana" until the fifth century Since then, how many bodies of men and women all over the civilised world have named their clubs in honor of Pallas Athene is a problem beyond my solving.

Since Homer sang in her praise perhaps no other heathen deity has been so lauded in song and story. She certainly was what we should call in these days an all-round genius, for she is fabled as the patroness of agriculture, the inventor of the ploughshare and the rake, and is supposed to have been the first to teach men the use of almost all the implements of industry and art.

Then she is personified as the goddess of wisdom, philosophy, poetry, oratory, law and justice. The Athenians held her in especial regard as the protectress of their liberties, and to her is ascribed the invention of numbers, the number five being peculiarly sacred to her. She presided over peace, defensive war, and needlework; and is also credited with having devised nearly all feminine employments.

Hers is undoubtedly the place of honor in Homer's world of men and gods. One writer says: "She embodies all the qualities which were most highly esteemed in those days. She is evidently meant to be the greatest and most admirable of the deities that concern themselves with men."

Under the watchful eye of so exemplary a patroness, surely the most captious will be able to look on with approval, and the most censorious find no cause for unfriendly criticism.

Exclusive to all that would detract from its dignity and truest usefulness, but inclusive of all that will make for its highest development and the happiest realization of its womanly purpose, the Athenæum club should prove a golden link in the chain of good comradeship and esprit de corp that binds the women of the west closer together in their work, in their hopes, and in their ideals.

No higher ideal could any club of women hope for than that which Tennyson has so exquisitely voiced through the medium of the words his incomparable art has put into the mouth of that altogether admirable goddess, Pallas Athene:

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control:
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right.

Steveston, the "Iron Chink" and the Fraser River Salmon

By Pollough Pogue

THE great canneries slouching on barnacled piling reaching out over the shining, waveless waters of the Fraser; a faded wreckage of Japanese and Chinese shacks behind the dyke; a low-octaved village of dingy stores and ancient taverns with faded signs, broken-planked sidewalks—this is Steveston, the cannery town on the Fraser.

Last summer at 8 o'clock on a morning of hues the palette might never hold, such was their depth and softness, I stood on the wharf of the Imperial Cannery at Steveston. Lavender and mauve and amethyst, marvellous color-tones, coated the sky above the spreading ash-colored miles of the mighty river. A thousand moth-wing sails, foam-white, blood-red and drab-gray, new sails, time-soiled sails, fluttered on the vast sweep of the river as far as the eye could see. At the wharf two or three fishing-boats were unloading their blue-backed shiny-sided sockeyes. The Japanese fishermen stood up in their boats, little gnarled oaks of men, hardy and strong. Their dead-leaf-brown faces broke into grins as they pitched the wet fish into the chute of the conveyor and the haze sponged itself out like a silver thought over the bright river.

The boats were cannery boats; the house-flag of the cannery hung in the rigging. There is a cannery flag with different heraldic device for every cannery on the river. They were big able boats about twenty-five feet long, broad in the beam, designed with thought for the shouldering seas of the Gulf of Georgia, with motor engine, mast and sail. On the bows were painted *Imp.* for Imperial and Dominion Government licence number. On the stern was the Provincial Government licence number. Each boat must have two licences, which cost $5 each.

Let us try to cover the naked raw picturesqueness of the salmon fishing and packing with word-clothes. First, we will follow the shining blue and silver fish from the boat to the sealed and cooked cans. "There's no romance about this business," said the cannery foreman, a big, quiet man, in the great clean many-windowed cannery with its fluent machinery, its odor of cooking fish and its color-splashed horde of workers of five races, five shades of color and five tongues, and wearing garments bright-hued and quaint. Like the impish raillery of a mocking devil the Iron Chink's clanking jabber answered him. The cannery foreman glanced at the Siwash women fish-cleaners finishing the work of the giant Chink and jetted a few words of quaint Chinook at one of them. They were tapestry-bright with the high-octaved colors of barbarism that throw themselves in your face. One cinnamon-brown lady had her dark head tied up in a rag of hell-hearted crimson, and wore a lemon-yellow oilskin apron over a blouse as bright blue as the bright blue painted sky. Next to her worked a tenas klootch in a green kerchief and a wonderful Water street shawl of many shades around her thick shoulders. "We've been sewing this same seam now for a good many years," said the cannery foreman,

practical-mindedly, "but soon there's going to be a knot tied in the thread. When that happens, we'll have to turn our canneries into hay barns." He meant that the schools of the sockeyes are diminishing and that soon the thread of their lives will ravel out, and the wet sea and the slopping rivers will know them no more. Inside the big doors that open on the slippery wharf the fish elevator is flipping the salmon from its conveyor in an egg-shell white and blue-lacquered pile on the wet floor—rich ore from the great food-mine of the river. Near by squats the Iron Chink like a bony goblin on his bent steel legs, with teeth of gears and universal joints and shafts and clutches and wires for elbows and arms and hands and tendons. This steel troglodyte achieves the labor of twenty flesh and blood "Chinks." A real rice-eating Chinaman feeds the Iron Chink with fish. The giant seizes the fish, guillotines it, slices off the fins, and eviscerates it, spraying it with water jets as he whirls it in his iron fingers.

When the dripping "Chink" has done his best he places the salmon on a conveyor belt which carries it to the brine tubs of the women super-cleaners, who scrub the fish with brushes, sousing it again and again in the salt water. From their busy hands it is carried to the great slow machine that slices the fish into sections, one of which will just squeeze into a half-pound can. This cross-sectioning machine is also fed by a live Chinese, an emblem of the Quaternary man-epoch. It dumps its salmon steaks into a bin from which they are spaded by more primeval hangovers of Chinese with wooden spades and delivered to the deft-handed can fillers who stand at long tables packing the pink sections into shining tin cans. Some of these fillers have rubber gloves on their quick fingers. Here are more bark-colored klootshmans in their brilliant kerchiefs and silver ear-rings, more throw-back-to-the-stone-age Chinese, some Indian men bent and grey, too old for the fishing, and a Japanese girl or two, hiyu tillicum, many people all briskly busy, kultus wauwau, much gossip in deep-sounding Chinook running down the long tables. All the Chinook speakers are thinking of the potlach, the great giving, that will follow this money-harvest, the cannery work, when they return to the totem-pole villages in the shade of la-plash stick, the big cedars. "Kansee dolla nika spose mamook kull?" (How many dollars can I earn if I work hard?) each one is thinking. Hyas klahowyum nika Siwash.

As the cans are filled they are placed in big trays and wheeled to the "line" on trucks. The "line" is a long mechanical orchestra with wonderful automatic machines for instruments. The grumbling, growling Iron Chink plays the leading part in the concerto. The weighing machine and the steam washer carry on the fugue as best they can, but flatting badly at the more difficult parts. Slatted in rows from the trays upon a belt conveyor by a careful Chinese the filled cans begin their journey and are carried first to the washing machine. Its part in the symphony is scherzo. It is a miniature merry-go-round, with cans for riders, all whirling in a white cloud of steam. It washes off anything that may have been on the outsides of the cans when they entered its maelstrom of hot steam. The next in the line is the weighing machine which tests the weight of each can, clacking spiritoso as it rotates, and by its mechanical magic shunts the light cans, if they weigh as little as half an ounce less than full weight, into a side track which returns them to a filler. The cans which are full weight, riding the conveyor belt in a glistening procession, reach a little machine which fits lids upon them with nimble steel fingers at the rate of over one hundred a minute, helping the sonata with a staccato clatter.

Down the belt the lidded cans go sliding merrily into the claws of a vicious little machine which crimps the lids on tight. Then, bumping over a thank-you-ma'am that tips them on their sides, the cans go rolling through a long trough of fizzing solder. Before the rolling cans enter the solder bath their top edges are sprayed with muriatic acid from a spout. They are carried through the solder on a belt that immerses their top edges in the simmering alloy. The solder is kept at the proper temperature by a wise old Chinaman of much experience in cannery soldering work. The fire in the brick furnace beneath the solder trough must not be too hot or too cool by half a degree.

Now the cans are taken from the ever-moving belt, placed on iron trays and immersed in the test tanks to be tested for leaks. Watchful Chinese eye the surface of the water for tell-tale bubbles which show defects in sealing, and if there are leaks the leaky cans are carefully sealed by hand. Next the cans enter the retorts to be thoroughly cooked by very hot steam. Taken from the cookers, the cans are finally sealed, air-vents being closed by a drop of solder. Laid in long rows on the floor of a great room to cool, the lids contract, and you will hear them making sounds like a banjo string being tuned to B flat—plunk-plunk-plunk. These are the final broken chords of the operetta.

The story of the salmon in British Columbia is a scarlet legend. It is woven in the web of the bright tapestry that hangs from the loom of Pacific coast history with the cool forests, the mountain-born, snow-nourished rivers, the Indians of the Koluskan stock and their rough-chiselled color-stained totemic symbols and quaint canoes carved with the shapes of the bear, the wolf, the eagle and the fish as reflected in the minds of primitive symbolists thinking in the grotesque and the strange. The Siwash and the salmon are woven romantically together in the myth, mythology, religion, history and tradition of the loud western beaches, shores rich in the practical things of the earth as well as opulent in tradition and history, and washed by a fertile sea.

The brown-crusted Indian fisherman would not be encouraged by the cannerymen if the canners did not desire the labor of the Indian women, better workers than the men, as fish-cleaners and can-fillers. The Indian knows the business of gill-netting; he is a fisherman by intuition and tradition, but he is lazy and will not take care of boat or gear, is satisfied with few fish, and will seldom venture into "Solleks chuck" (rough water), not because he is timid, but because it means exertion.

At Steveston on the dusty dyke, the slippery fish-wharves and net-drying platforms that reach out on stilts into the river you will see the sun-cooked, wind-cured, rubber-booted, rough-clad, white fisherman, a magnificent type of the outdoors worker. Often he is a salty tattooed fellow, who has seen life and rough sea times in sailing-ships. Often he is pure British Columbian, sometimes Scotch, Finn, "Souwegian," New Brunswicker, Nova Scotian, Newfoundlander and even Portuguee. He is brother to the doryman of the halibut steamers, and the sea fishermen of the storm-whipped, fog-blurred Atlantic coasts are his brothers also. In that great arm of the sea, the mouth of the Fraser, he is at home.

When the salmon-fishing boats go out at slack tide the boat-puller works at the oars while the fisherman pays out the gill-net over the side. The net is merely a long strip of web, perhaps thirty feet deep, floated in the water by cork buttons fastened along the upper edge. Salmon, swimming against the tide, thrust their heads through the meshes of the net and are caught by the gills. Though fishing in a river, dangers constantly beset these gill-netters. Most of the accidents occur at the mouth of the river, where the waves sweep in white-headed from the open gulf. It is a precarious, hard-toiling occupation, and yet the occasional large earnings, glittering before their eyes like a gambler's winnings, lure them always. Last year the fishermen received for each sockeye twenty-five cents, the highest price ever paid on the river. For a large spring salmon they sometimes receive fifty cents. Gill-netting is one of the oldest methods of fishing, old as the time of Christ. A net, boat and full equipment for gill-netting, representing an investment of hundreds of dollars, is often the property of the fishermen themselves, sometimes of the packers. A fisher with full outfit is one of the most independent of men, though his income is not large.

Consider the anabasis of the bird-beaked sockeyes from their sea country. The Æneid of that desperate voyage through the emerald shadowland of the river will never be told. Every year great numbers of the fish swim upward from the sea into the rivers on their way to the spawning grounds, strong intuition hymning their endeavors. In the old time before the cannery building raised their gray roofs beside the rivers the one-ideaed fish had few enemies. Only the dark-toned men of the run-wild earth, and the bear, the bob-cat, the cougar and the eagle, their totem-brothers, took their dole from the silver schools. The salmon were

the great food supply of their brown brothers, the Indians, who waited for them with two-pronged spear and net in the sculptured canoes on the river.

Every fourth year is the year of the big run, "hiyu salmon," an exodus. Old cannerymen remember when the small years were plentiful ones. Now the small runs are small indeed, for the multitudes of the salmon have been diminishing in spite of conservation laws and hatcheries. Canneries equipped with three or four "lines" of automatic machinery get in a small year only sufficient fish to keep one line running, and that seldom for a full day. Yet the number of the fish are so great still that enough of them succeed each year in reaching the spawning grounds to maintain in a really surprising degree the fruitfulness of the rivers. But the rapid settlement of the country, the damming of streams formerly used as salmon thoroughfares, the great increase in the number of fishermen, and the wasteful fishing of the American cannerymen, all militate hugely against the continuance of the supply. The utility of the hatcheries is doubted by the cannerymen, who point out that all the millions of fry distributed each year have not kept the "runs" from diminishing.

The fish of Puget Sound, making for their natural spawning ground, the Fraser, are caught in immense numbers in the cannery traps of the American fishers, and by their seiners and gill-netters before they cross the international boundary. The American cannerymen's trap-piles, rising from the water like a half-submerged forest of dead trees, tell a wasteful story.

Behind the dyke at Steveston are two miles of shacks that look as if they might tumble apart like the pieces of a mosaic puzzle game. Japanese characters painted on the board doors; Japanese-printed posters painted on the frayed fences; empty soy tubs; dark-headed Japanese "kids" with solemn inscrutable faces with the mark of the ages and the mysterious east upon them; plump, brown-tinted Japanese women with brown babies on their backs in slings wound in wrappings like an Indian baby in its moss-bag; Japanese grocery and dry-goods stores and shops where Japanese candy and pastry are made, tell the simple story of a village in Dia Nippon. These disliked and respected, personally clean, honest people, more incessantly industrious than the bee or the beaver, more consistent practitioners of the domestic virtues than the whites, have here insinuated themselves thoroughly into the life and industry of the town. The cannerymen like them as fishermen. They know well how to handle a heavy fishing-boat amongst the rolling water-hills of the Gulf of Georgia. They are marvellously skilful gill-netters; they take better care of boat and gear than the average white fisherman. They can live on about what the average white fisherman spends in the saloons of Steveston, and this seems to be one of the things the white men have against the Japanese. They have possession of considerable property in Steveston; many of them are trying to rub off their Oriental character against the cannery walls and fit into the white community.

The teeth of Tato, the Japanese fisherman, were like a row of little piano keys, and his expression was that of a little brown terrier pup. He mouthed English, but he thought Japanese. He was of a grotesque broadness and knottiness of figure.

"Some day," he gave tongue, "Japanese own all this canneries, all this town, all this country, ever't'ing."

"How own it?" asked I.

"Why, Japan take it," he answered naively, "take ever't'ing. Japanese come in big ships, come take all some day."

While waiting for the rest of the Japanese to come and take Canada and all the salmon canneries and "ever't'ing" little Tato is reaping much money. I went out with him and Kato, his boat-puller, in their salmon-fishing boat on the Fraser River and we caught many salmon, which Tato sold to the Imperial Cannery for "two bits" each. According to the Japanese law of perspective 25 cents is a large sum of money.

The deep of Heaven was filled with woolly-white fog that morning when Tato started his kicking little motor, and the soft, wet obscurity drank us up as easily at Tato would have swallowed a glass of sake.

When we had chugged about three miles the engine was slowed until it was just turning over, and the men began pitching their gill-net over the side. The fog peeled off the wide river, the wind went down and the water was ironed smooth like blue silk. Other color octaves were added to

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Walhalla Harbour

By Pollough Pogue

I FIRST met with old Witta years ago. He was mate of a Norwegian bark. I was mate of the Mary barkentine. I was in her six years. At the end of her last voyage but one, I left her in this very port. The day I left her the breast lines were black with rats leaving her. She was burned at sea on her next voyage out, poor old girl.

It was the day after I left her that I met old Witta in a place on Water street, Vancouver. We had a talk over a glass of beer about such things as mates of sailing vessels talk about.

What shades this whole story into proper tone is the old sea-strain in Witta's blood. For centuries his ancestors got their scanty bread on the sea. Now listen, landsmen!

Old Witta homed, that is, his woman and his home-fire were there, on Ship Fjord on the North coast of Norway, where all the folk live on fish, and have fished and used the sea, and eaten fish for so long that they have taken the character of fish, and look like fish, and the whole coast smells of fish, and tar. Witta spent most of his time in ships.

Once upon a time a pirate named Ab had been buried on Ship Fjord. When Ab died his crew had hauled his black-hulled ship ashore, and laying the dead chief on the sea-hawk's deck, had heaped earth and stones upon the galley until they had made a great mound, and there slept the old sea-wolf, the loud beaches hymning his rest.

As if in whimsy, time, through the sweep of the ages, had left Ab's tomb alone. Grass and trees grew upon it. Superstition, or religious feeling, saved it from the spades of the fishermen who knew its character. No nosing archaeologist smelt it out.

It was only a cable's length from Witta's dwelling, and the sailor, when he came home from the sea, kept looking at it curiously as it stood there, quiet under the rain.

But he came home seldom and his visits were short. Once or twice he took pick and spade and began to dig into the mound, but superstition rose up and stood in the way. Something of the old Norse paganism lived in Witta and something lingered of the old feudalism. He was sure that the mound was the tomb of some mighty man of the ancient past. For ten years these things held him in check. But at length curiosity and avarice swept away his reluctance, and one day he went to work in a kind of frenzy, like a man digging for buried treasure.

Through the cold, unsunned days, with only the sweep of the sea-mist for company, he toiled and sweated. Day upon day his eager spade uncovered more and more of Ab's galley, a strange waif of rough sea-times. Some preservative character in the clay of which the barrow had been built had pickled her tough tamarack frames and thick spruce planking. The bronze bolts and nails with which she was fastened were as if they had been newly forged.

With a teasing pain in his back muscles, but a lifting heart, Witta toiled on in a frenzy of joy. He was a sailor by long habit of the sea; he knew an able ship when he saw one, but he had never hoped to possess one. Now he had become a shipowner; here was as good a vessel as ever rode over the ridges of the sea.

A week later, as with swelling elation he delved, he found on the high deck by the steering place some bones, some weapons and some arm rings. These rings were of red gold and heavy and Witta took them to the nearest coast town. In three weeks he returned in a yawl with half a dozen ship carpenters and riggers, and sails, rigging, stores, tools and material he needed. Three months afterward the little vessel that had been Ab's sea-sneak of old toptoed out of the fiord one morning, refitted

and thoroughly repaired, and met again the grey-headed waves of the ancient sea with the light step of her build.

In the course of marine events the schooner immediately named Witta's Horse by her crew, on account of her easy gallop over the big waves, got a cargo of hides at Rikijavik for Liverpool. From the English port she carried paving blocks to Shanghai. She left China in the first week of September, 1908.

Four months afterward there was an item in the shipping news of the Vancouver papers: "Norwegian schooner Witta's Horse, Captain Witta, from Shanghai to Vancouver with rice, is overdue." One month later there was another paragraph which stated that "grave fears were entertained for the safety of the Norwegian schooner Witta's Horse," etc. In another month the Witta's Horse was in the list of missing ships. Shipping men would tell you that the little schooner has never been heard from.

But one fine night last April I was standing on the Hastings mill wharf, and all the quiet of the ages was in the stillness of the inlet. It was an evening of wonderful soft lights and shadows over the quiet-colored harbor spaces. I was alone, but a big steamer, the Liverpool Merchant, half-loaded with lumber for Australia, lay on the other side of the wharf.

At least I thought I was alone, but presently I was aware of a queer little schooner with two stump masts, that seemed to be made fast to the wharf. I looked at her curiously, wondering that I had not noticed her before.

She was the oddest little hooker I had ever seen. Her build was that of a big whaleboat, and if it had not been for her modern rig she would have looked like pictures I have seen of viking ships. She was foul and dishevelled from long usage of the sea; the marks of the long sea-roads she had travelled were plain upon her. She was dirty, draggled and unkempt, her decks were all raffle and filth, her rigging was knotted and frayed and hung like tangled weed. Her untidy appearance made me turn up my seaman's nose, and I had turned to go when two of her ship's company stood in front of me and one of them clapped a heavy hand of recognition upon my shoulder. It was old Witta, and he was the skipper of the schooner. The other man was her mate, Peter Jens by name, a short, thick man, with the strong set to his jaw that most mates have.

Mariners who come to port at last after a long voyage have always strange stories of sea adventure to tell, and these far wanderers had come from an undiscovered coast, an unsailed sea, and a port that is never mentioned in the shipping news.

At first, in answer to my questions, Witta let a freshet of light into my puzzled brain by telling me how the ship had come into his possession. Then after speaking of the bad weather that had followed the schooner like a curse from the days he had left Ship Fjord, he went on, in his very good though slow English, with hardly more than a trace of accent to it.

"We didn't mind bad weather, but one night the old crew came aboard."

"The old crew?" I interrupted.

"The old pirate crew," said Witta. "They came on board between daylight and dark when the sea was frizzed into snow all around us and the wind cried like a woman in the rigging."

"Ya, by Odin's Horns," broke in Peter Jens, the mate, in his hoarse thunder. "Twenty sailormans, smellin' foul as grampuses, with beards lak' kellup."

"What was they dressed in?" resumed Witta, repeating my question. "They was dressed in tarry jackets, such as seamen wear at sea. That afternoon, it was three bells, and Peter had the wheel, and I was sitting on the wheel-gear box. The air was full o' flying mist which we had to keep wiping out of our eyes, and when I first saw them I thought they were our own men. Then she blew clear, and we saw the last o' the light smoke out over the sea, and the driving squalls drawing long lines of foam as with a giant's rule, and that dead crew who were come on board their old vessel again, standing on the fo'c'sle, and looking at the old dough-dish and her new rig.

"At least I didn't know, in the wonder of the sight, what they were, but in a minute it swept through me like fire that they were the old crew. Then like the clutch of hot fingers at my throat the horror of the thing

strangled me and I went down flat on the deck like a man shot through the heart.

"When my eyes opened again the gale was still squealing around us, and the schooner was staggering drunk amongst monster seas. Old Peter still held the wheel. I saw a raffle of yellow oilskin spraddled out on the main hatch and knew it was Olaf Swensen, the only one of the hands who had been on deck when they came aboard. The mate standing jammed between the wheel-box and the wheel looked at me with a terrible white face, and I looked at him, but we said nothing.

"That night the wind 'ud put yer eyes out. We reefed main, for's'l an' jib and did all we could to make her snug, but the wind rose higher and higher and sometimes she would bury herself in the boiling ocean so deep that we thought she would never come up again.

"At eight bells it was worse. Old Peter and me was at the wheel, and the hands was in the fo'c'sle. We hung to the spokes half drowned. The ship was under water nearly all the time; only sometimes she broke her deck, like a whale's back, through the foam.

"There was something else beside wind in the dark above the schooner, a great hovering of wings, and we heard a screaming that was not of the gale. With the first leap of my heart I had known what it was, but I did not speak of it to Peter. But presently he roared in my ear: 'Tis a Walkyr follows the schooner, old shipmate, and you an' me 'll soon be done with watch and trick.'

"I knew that the end was near, that our little ship could not live much longer in that wind and sea. Why didn't we heave her to while there was still time? I can't say except that Peter and me thought we would run as long as we could and we ran till it was impossible to heave her to.

"Suddenly in the air above our heads sounded a great cry that seemed to fill the circle of the sea from horizon to horizon, rising above the roar of the storm. Then a big wave broke my grip of the spokes and rolled me along the deck. My head must have hit something. All the mighty roaring of the great sea-way through the night sunk and died to the whisper of a tune. Then as fire breaks through paper, we seemed to break through the night of darkness and storm into another world of morning freshness and light, and smooth sea on which we sailed with a fair soft breeze into a pleasant harbor.

"In the wonder of the thing old Peter an' I could have shouted aloud, but somehow the sound died in our throats. This was a coast we didn't know and a harbor that wasn't on the charts or mentioned in the directory, and we were sailing right in without pilot, tug, lead or landmark.

"It was as pretty a harbor as ever sailormen set eyes on, well sheltered from all winds that blow, and with a fairway such as any landlubber could take a ship in without a pilot, plenty of water and not a rock or reef, bar or shoal in sight. There were hills all around covered thick with green forest and as nice a beach as you ever saw, with wharves and as fine a city as a seaman with a little money to spend would want to get ashore in. Every now and then a whiff came off the land, very pleasant to a man long at sea, scents of green bushes and flowers, and smells of raisin duff and bean soup and fresh meat a-cookin' in the shoreside taverns. With the glass we could see a great number of sea-faring men sitting in gardens and telling stories and singing songs and waited on by good-looking girls with red cheeks, and neat waists such as fo'c'sle Jack ashore after a long voyage likes to get his arm around. No wonder there was such a great number of men ashore, for the harbor was full of ships riding at anchor, and there were more hauled up on the beach.

"What were they like? They were not like any build o' ship that has ploughed the meadows of the sea in our day. All were of narrow beam, half-decked, rowed with long oars, and with one pole mast, and high, up-curving bows and sterns, carven in the shapes of great birds and beasts, and painted with bright colors, or at least the colors had been bright, but now were somewhat fouled and faded by the wash of the salt sea. There were a few smaller craft that were merchantmen, but most of the vessels were ships of war and piracy. Most of the men on shore wore bright armour, white bearskins, jackets of dyed leather, and great black-winged helmets.

" 'I'm afraid we won't make much of a showing, in our dirty sea clothes, shipmate,'

said old Peter to me, 'amidst all those crews who are ashore this morning.' And with that we calls a hand to the wheel and goes below to shave and make ourselves clean with our shore-going clothes as a skipper and mate should when they are going ashore in a strange port."

It was some of the Liverpool Merchant's deck-hands, returning to the ship, drunk and noisy, who caused the disturbance. There was enough noise on the other side of the wharf to give an epic background, but the story I had been listening to was not an epic. A bottle of robust size wandered around the careless deck-hands at the steamer's gangway. There were lexicons of fo'c'sle language and a small fight. Some Dutchman was shoved off the edge of the dock into the water between the piling and the ship's side. The noise brought the mate of the Liverpool Merchant on deck, and it was he who lit the string of electrics on the wharf which they use for night loading. The soft, warm night-shadows leaped back as the lamps spread their bluish foamy light over yellow lumber piles, dirty steamer and lousy deck-hands. Where were my friends, the salty old Kelpies, the skipper and mate of the Witta's Horse? The tumult had scared them away. And where was the elfish little schooner herself? I looked for my mariners on the wharf, which was swept from side to side with light. They were not to be seen. I looked, with wondering eyes, where the schooner had been, but saw only the stars drowning in the purple sea.

The Coast of Romance

FOUR TALES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA LIFE

Three Men

LAPOINTE was a large-fisted French-Canadian from Ottawa who worked in a Vancouver sawmill. A gypsy drop in his blood had brought him to British Columbia, and he had not been here a week until he wished he were back in the Lower Town, Ottawa, where he had left his wife and children. He was very homesick. Let it be clearly understood that a French-Canadian should never leave home. He should take his home with him when he travels to far-away fields that look green. Whenever Lapointe, working in the mill amidst machinery that rocked and roared, beating the air with great waves of sound, thought of his wife and children, his big, childish heart swelled up bigger and rose in his throat and nearly choked him.

Near the big unbuttoned French-Canadian worked a man as widely different from Lapointe as black is from white, or east is from west, in everything but his love of home and wife and child.

Perhaps it was because the thoughts of both Joe Lapointe and Jiwan Singh were of the same color, and because they were both a long way from home, that they became queerly mated friends. Or perhaps it was the influence of the little children that, by some deep and beautiful wonder, brought the two homesick hearts together. You do not believe in the Brotherhood of Man, of course, any more than I do, and you will say there can be no truth in this tale. You will not believe anything that can not prove like the answer to a sum in arithmetic, but Joe Lapointe, the big, simple-hearted, open-faced fellow from the Ottawa, and Jiwan Singh, the strange-roaded, brown-shaded Oriental, became such friends that at length they spoke together, among the lumber piles of the mill yard in the noon hour, of their homes which were as far apart as the poles of the earth, but brought close by the fellow feeling of lonely men hungry to hear the small voices of children far away. And one day as they talked shyly but eagerly of their little sons, one Gee Bong, a beeswax-faced Pekinese yardman, caught a few words of their common tongue in which they met, and quietly joining them, told when an opening came in the talk, of his own small son in far China, and so the three, each speaking a speech which he thought was English, talked familiarly of their children and derived comfort from the talk, as men will who are separated from their homes. I have known homesick men wintering in the high North to write letters which they knew they could not send out from the shut places, just for the comfort that it gave them, and this is the same thing.

Almost a month after I became aware of this singular friendship, Jiwan Singh, the Sikh, received news from India that a sickness had visited his village and had swept away his two sons in one night and many other children within the week. Staggering from this swift blow, he went to his work at the mill in the morning as usual, but kept away from Lapointe and Gee Bong that day, and making no answer to them when they shouted their friendly greeting to him according to custom. According to his own custom and that of his people, the tall Sikh was suffering in silence. Long before the noon hour his friends knew that something was wrong and respected his reticence. It was

several days before they found out what his trouble was and even then it was not Jiwan Singh, but one of his own brother Sikhs, who told them.

In the case of a white man a little time would have blunted the edge of sorrow, but the heart of Jiwan Singh lay deep within him and the self-contained, shy nature of the Oriental insulated it from outside influences which would have helped to heal Joe Lapointe's grief if the sorrow had been his. The French-Canadian and the Chinese on several occasions offered consolation, but each time Jiwan Singh turned away without speaking the gratitude he felt, and his friends misunderstood this continued silence. Their limitations made it impossible for them to sound the deeps of the Sikh's nature. So the friendship of the three was broken, and Jiwan Singh plodded on his dark road without the bright influence of acquaintanceship with the white man with whom he had foregathered on a common footing of equality. He went to live in a slum with a dozen other East Indians on whom a cloud of swinish dissipation and evil habits had settled like a deep silence, on account of the conditions of misery and hopelessness which surrounded them. These men, who nightly drank themselves into a stupor of forgetfulness, did nothing to rouse him from the semi-stupor into which his brooding had plunged him. They were as silent as he; medieval monks under a vow of silence would have been as companionable. Like things of clay animated by clogged machinery, but spiritless, they moved through their daily tasks; at night they attained a drugged Nirvana by drinking cheap liquor until they threw themselves on their bunks hopelessly drunk. There was nothing bacchanalian in their drinking; it was a colorless performance unlit by any excitement, as dull as rain.

Jiwan Singh fell now into their ways. The children no longer sent a little white bird across the distance to tell him not to do these things.

Sayonara's Fishing

IN the mosaic of Vancouver's seaboard life the Japanese herring boats form a section that glows with color, and the little wharf where they land their fish is one of the most picturesque on the waterfront.

If you wish to go there to see for yourself do so when the tide is in. At low water the smell of sodden barnacled piles, rotting timbers, and the slime of the shore left naked and ashamed by the careless tide will trouble your heart and you won't see the color.

It is only a few decayed and broken planks laid down on floats which ride on the tide-heaved breast of the Inlet, and herring is its only business. Sometimes a dirty little harbor-navvy of a tug with no home will nose in like an ugly bulldog forcing his society on a lot of fox-terriers and tie up for the night, but most of the time only the herring boats, stout, able little launches, some of them Japanese built, and suggesting more or less the marine architecture of the Orient, lie at the wharf, crowding closely packed along both sides. Sometimes the lean, unsteady-looking Indian canoes, with bows and sterns chiselled to roughly suggest the heads of animals and birds, come creeping up to this wharf from across the Inlet with gay-shirted men and klootchmen wearing strong barbaric colors, blood-red shawls and crimson and orange and ochre-yellow 'kerchiefs. The East and West seem sometime to have overlapped on this coast, for the likeness is strong between these hairy, blocky Japanese fishermen, with their strong, roughed-out faces, and the Indians. So much alike are they that anyone who believes his eyes would say that the same shears had cut the pattern from which both were shaped. Usually there are some hand-line fishermen, endowed with abundant patience and all the leisure that lies between the Equinoxes, catching a few trifling tommy-cods. It is hardly necessary to say that none of these are Japanese.

As regularly as the tides, the herring boats come and go. All morning the owner of number 766, smoky little Sayonara,

whose name translated from the Japanese is Goodbye, had been mending the holes torn by dog-fish in his brown-threaded herring gill net, two hundred fathoms of meshes small enough to catch a herring by the gills. Shikata, his sienna-colored brother-in-law, who fishes with him, had been cleaning their broad-beamed launch, whose build has faint suggestions of the fishing craft of old Japan. The Japanese boat-builder on this coast keeps some of the character of the junk. You can see that if you have any imagination. The brown fisherman does not allow his boat to get foul with gurry and grease, like some of the white fishermen's boats. He invariably scrubs out and washes down between trips. When Sayonara saw me coming toward him he grinned and his larynx tried to adjust itself so as to emit some English. I have known Sayonara for some time, at least, I have been acquainted with him; I don't know him yet. From him I have learned much about the Japanese character. He is the son of a Japanese fisherman and he is very plebeian. Yet he is not simple and I am not yet sure what a cross section of him would show. A thousand shadows gird the Oriental, and make him fascinating to study. The porphyry rock of the dolomitic gorge is not harder to break into than the reticence of the East. I think that loyalty was Sayonara's only religion, but both he and Shikata, who is old and thin and sun-cooked, a little charred rag of a man, are devil-worshippers of a most picturesque sect. But they are both sunny-natured little men.

"To-night you go with us, yess." said Sayonara, in his slow, deep speech. "We go Point Grey, make set, come back in morning."

That is what we did. We went out to the mouth of the Fraser, to where the fresh water from the great river meets the salt tides of the sea, off Point Grey, "made a set" with the big gill-net, slept through two watches in the snug little cabin, at least two of us did, hauled the net, filled the big tanks with a silvery harvest, and went home very early in the morning.

The wonderful sunset, which had hung for fifteen minutes over the coast of Washington and had struck the Gulf of Georgia into sympathy, shaded into ashes, the mountains stood knee-deep in darkness and Point Atkinson began to moan as the fog dragged in from the deep sea and lay on its shoulders like a wet blanket.

The lead-gray launch slipped through the mist like a ghost, Shikata, in sou'wester, black jersey and rubber sea-boots, at the wheel. (I forgot to tell you that Shikata had worked her out of the slip through a crowd of other boats with the long crooked sweep, pulled with a queer kind of twisting motion, that they scull the sampans with, according to the pictures, in the harbors of Japan.) Sayonara and I played cribbage in the little cabin. Cribbage is about the best two-handed game there is, and in vessels of every class, build and rig, it is an exact science. The Japanese do not play much poker. Poker is a luxury; you can not play it unless you have money to lose. The Japanese have money, but they are too thrifty. Sayonara is a good cribbage player; he can roll a cigarette with one hand and peg with the other.

The long brown gill-net, with its cork buttons, went over the side fathom by fathom, while the little engine turned over with slow rhythm and Point Atkinson uttered its long double-noted moan like a wet water-spirit with a broken heart. There were white stars in the upper sky, Point Grey was a dull splotch, on one side we could feel the feel of the broad and sea-like river-mouth, on the other the smell of the ocean, strong and refreshing, blew from the north. The fog thinned and we could see the Point Atkinson light pouring a stream like snow through the opening mist.

They buoyed the outboard end of the net with a little float upon which a lighted lantern was lashed, and we coiled down below, two of us. The launch rocked like a cradle. The whistles of steamers boomed in the fog, calling deeply to each other in the clouding thickness.

The mountains were like drawings made in black and white in the mystery of the morning. Over the voiceless desert of dark water the light softened and grayed until the first timid colors of day appeared in the east like fairy ornaments. The two fishermen were hauling their net and the little shining herrings in countless thousands were slatted out of the meshes into the tanks. The sea took on its dayshine as the light grew

stronger and the blue and crystal beauty of the atmosphere returned. Presently the net was a wet brown pile on the little after deck, and the tanks were full of the silver and egg-white fish, and the covers were clapped on. Sayonara started the engine and made tea on the little tin stove as we slid over the waveless sea toward Vancouver. I had brought some meat in glass pots on board the night before and I was surprised when we found that we could eat it. The blue mountains were hip-high in mist, but the water vibrated in the clear light. A string of tugs and barges came out of the Inlet and False Creek, Vancouver's two harbors, beginning the marine business of the day.

Toy Sin's Baby

TOY SIN, the little Chinese mother, looked like a blue moth in her sapphire-colored gown with its wide wing-like sleeves. Toy Sin fitted as perfectly into her surrounding as a girl in a book illustration. She is quaintly pretty with a delicate capricious kind of prettiness, which rests upon such portions of her face as are particularly interesting and hurries over the rest. She has a honey-colored little face; her lustrous eyes are magic casements of a dreaming mind, the something that laughs in them is fascinating to watch, and a sweet and perilous mischief lurks about her lips which are as red as the reddest petals of a Crimson Rambler. Her hair is as blue-black as a blackbird's wing. Her voice is like the voice of water slipping over little stones. Her teeth, however, are brown from chewing betel nuts.

She clapped her shell-like hands just as princesses and Head Queens do in aromatic eastern tales, and when the servant came she said, "tuan ch'a"—which means "bring tea."

Three little scarlet pots, with silver dragons crawling over them, and red cups were brought, also trivial pink cakes and candies like bits of solidified foam. Also a tiny bowl of rice and a little pair of eating sticks, for Toy Sin was teaching her baby to use the "K'uaitzee"—"nimble boys," as the Chinese people call the chop-sticks.

Chi, the little toast-brown baby, in his loose-fitting bright-colored clothes, with his round head shaved into patterns, sat at the supper-table in his high-chair. Around his neck was a silver chain, with a half-inch square silver box hanging from it. The box was studded with rough turquoises and had raised Chinese writing on two sides. Inside the box, very likely, was a bit of ivory like a tiny domino with magic runes scratched in it and black or red wax rubbed into the scratches. This was a charm against the mischievous devils whose delight it is to give a child colic.

The little pudding-faced kiddie grinned and giggled and said, "Hai ai, mum-mum," and kicked his little pink-trousered legs, and stamped his little feet with their paper-soled shoes, on the step of the chair. If you think that Chinese children are temperamentally solemn you are in error. They are as happy and as joyous and as playful as white youngsters.

It was a very delightful thing to see the Chinese girl-mother teaching her two-year-old baby to eat the snowy boiled rice with the dainty chop-sticks. If you have ever seen Chinese using the eating-sticks, you know that both chop-sticks are held in the same hand, one stationary, the other movable. Managing the chop-sticks is a difficult art, and though it may be called a race characteristic, and instinct helps a Chinese child to acquire the dexterity, yet it is a hard thing for a young child to learn, and calls for patience in the teacher. When rice is being eaten, the bowl is raised to the mouth with one hand, and the chop-sticks are employed to push the rice from the dish into the mouth. The eating-sticks are not clumsy, as they seem to be. You can, if you are accustomed to them, pick up a bean or a pea, or a bit of meat far more easily than with a fork, or even a spoon.

The cakes and confections which came with the tea were the dessert of the little supper we had been having. The Chinese

never drink when eating, but when the meal is over they drink many cups of tea, while they sit and smoke and talk, as they love to do. Ming Yong, my friend, with whom I had been dining, is a very honorable and excellent Chinese gentleman, whose commercial instinct and industry have brought him wealth, and who is respected and liked by everyone who knows him. His wife and child dress in the picturesque garments of the old land, but he wears the raiment of the west. He looks on this country as his home and the home of his children, and does not look forward to a return to China. But he does not wish to forget his country, his ancestors, the village of his family, which is a numerous one, or the traditions which were a part of its life. Therefore his home is furnished in Chinese fashion, and it is altogether delightful and picturesque. His home life, in a measure, is that lived in China by the moderately rich Chinese merchants and men of the professional class.

I started to tell you something about the life of the quaint little Chinese man, whose honorable name is Chi, and whose august age is two years and six months. If it is your good fortune, you may see him on Pender street on a fine morning when his mother goes shopping, and takes the light of her life with her. If you should chance to see them, you will be indeed fortunate, for I can imagine nothing more interesting and picturesque than this little Pekinese girl-mother, in her striking and beautiful costume, embroidered richly with colored silk thread, a delightful ornamentation, and the little boy in gay-hued garments, his tiny brocaded slippers going pitty-pat on the pavement.

I know that your idea of the children of the Chinese is that they are invariably solemn little fellows, with the mark of the ages and of the East's mystery upon their inscrutable baby faces. If you could see little Chi Yong at his play, with his toys around him, you would know that Chinese children, after all, are merely children. As a matter of truth, children are much the same all round the world, whether Eskimo, Chinese, Americans, or African negro. But the toys with which little Chi amuses himself are different from those of the Christmas-anticipating toy stores of America.

For instance, he has the kaleidoscopic tubes, through which he looks with wondering eyes, while he keeps turning them around so that the little bits of colored glass or celluloid which they contain will be always in motion. He has a Punch and Judy show, made of wood and cardboard, which his parents help him to work, and he screams with delight at the funny and fantastic antics of the puppets. The Punch and Judy show had its origin in China about two thousand years before it was taken to Europe. He has a mosaic game, which has over a hundred little bits of painted wood to be fitted together to make a design in parquetry. His father teaches him to do this. He has battledore and shuttlecock, and is learning to play at this ancient game with his mother. You see, he is not what you would call an "old-fashioned" child. When he is a little bit older, he will have Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes, which he will be taught before he goes to a public school to learn the lessons taught to the white children. To tell the truth, little Chi is farther advanced, physically and in intelligence, than most white children of his age. You see, he could walk when he was ten months old, and is now a very active child.

The Luck of Gobo

THIS all happened a long time ago, almost four years, and Katoshiro remembers about it only when he has taken too much sake. Gobo has gone back to Japan. Takawara and Matashima talk about it once in a while, as whist players talk over old tricks, sometimes years after the cards are played. They will all forget about it in a few years, all except Takawara, perhaps. But little Mada will never forget, for she loves Gobo.

Gobo was a tar-colored Japanese fisherman with teeth like peeled almonds and parentheses legs. He was one of the herring

fishers whose gray-sailed boats you have seen out on English Bay, leaning like dipping gulls to the strong shove of the wind.

The trouble with Gobo was that he had no stomach as far as women were concerned. That may have been the reason why little Mada took an interest in Gobo from the first time she met him. He was offensive to her and made love to her exactly as the Neolithic men made love to their women, if they did woo them at all before they dragged them by the hair to their caves. Some women are attracted by this kind of thing. Not only women of Mada's class, but of every class. All women are very primitive, much more so than men.

Mada was a dining-room girl in a Japanese hotel on Powell street. Gobo lived there because he knew something about the hotelkeeper's past. He got his board and lodging cheap on that account.

Mada was a little toast-brown thing as woman-soft and winning as any white girl could be. Takawara, the hotelkeeper, didn't want Gobo to marry her because she was the best servant he had and because she attracted boarders to his hotel. Also he hated Gobo.

For a long time Takawara had lain awake at nights thinking of the most simple and direct way of getting rid of Gobo. Takawara had had a picturesque past and he feared that if the government of this country found out about it he would be sent back to Japan, deported, and the Japanese government would surely hang him. And he feared that sooner or later Gobo would tell. In the meantime Gobo was like a very heavy pack which, like Christian, whom Takawara had never heard of, he had to carry.

He made and rejected a hundred plans, and decided on the hundred and first. Thereupon he conferred with Matashima, his wife's brother, and Katoshiro, a herring fisherman, like Gobo, and it was a black conferring. Katoshiro was entirely under the brown thumb of Katawara, for he had mortgaged his boat and gear and everything else he owned, including himself, to the hotelkeeper for sake, and would have mortgaged his soul to the devil for more, which is practically what he did in that red conference with Takawara and Matashima, when he conspired with them against the life of Gobo.

Now if little Mada hadn't been in love with Gobo the scheme would have worked out like simple arithmetic on a blackboard. Perhaps Gobo's ancestors were looking after him. Perhaps the god of chance, who always has to be reckoned with by the makers of plots, arranged matters so that Mada was in the next room to the one in which the three conspirators sat drinking sake and plotting. Even then she would not have overheard the talk if the devil in the sake had not raised their voices an octave or two above the usual conversational tone, and if love had not sharpened her sense of hearing after she had heard Gobo's name through the partition.

So the next day when the Japanese herring boats went out to set their big gill-nets in English Bay, Gobo knew why Takawara and Matashima went in Katoshiro's boat. Katoshiro had left Sada, the boy who usually went with him, behind that day. Gobo always fished alone. He was a strong man, to whom the toil of others was as play, and could haul the big herring net, heavy with fish, single-handed. He smiled the amiable smile of a gargoyle when he saw them following his boat.

He knew what they would try to do. It was a silver day of soft rain, luminous mist and ghostly fog. Sometimes the sun showed through the thinning vapors like a silver-white shield; some times background and foreground were lost in closing gulfs of mist.

English Bay was covered by a thick mattress of fog between Point Grey and Point Roberts, where Gobo usually "made his set," that is, set his long brown gill-net, which hung like a curtain in the water, kept from sinking by several hundred cork "buttons." The fog was spreading over the bay and filling the air between water and sky, an endless web the color of sea and cloud, falling from a soundless loom.

As soon as both boats were hidden in the wet gray tents of the fog Gobo knew that Katoshiro's boat, which was a little faster than his own, would overhaul him, that her crew meant to make an excuse to board his launch, that they would surprise and overpower him, throw him overboard, cast his boat adrift and return to Vancouver in their own. The nearest shore was Point Grey, a mile away, and Gobo knew that Takawara knew that he was a poor swimmer. It was a well-considered plot,

though simple, for if Gobo's body came ashore to tell its story, the tale it would tell would be that Gobo had fallen overboard accidentally. Gobo stopped his engine on the edge of the fog bank, Katoshiro accelerated his motor, and in a minute had to reverse it to keep from bumping into the square stern of Gobo's launch. Gobo pretended to be tinkering at his motor as the other launch drifted alongside. But as soon as she was close enough he sprang up with one of his long heavy sweeps in his knotted hands.

It was Gobo who told the story of the fight a short time before he left for Japan. The three conspirators were standing in the stern of their launch; they were taken by surprise. It was easy for Gobo. He knocked the three of them overboard with his oar before they recovered from their surprise, shoved his boat away, started his motor, left them swimming and went on to his fishing grounds.

"Blue Eyes or Gray"

BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

Blue eyes or gray?
  Ah! well-a-day!
'Tis hard to say,
  Blue eyes or gray?

Brown eyes or black?
  Alack! alack!
My heart you rack!
  Brown eyes or black?

Sweet eyes of blue,
  What shall I do?
Soft eyes of gray,
  Don't turn away!

Dear eyes of brown,
  Why do you frown?
Bright eyes of black,
  Take that look back!

Ah, me! ah, me!
  I plainly see,
You all refuse
  To let me choose!

Cruel quartet,
  I'll you forget!
And take Maureen—
  Her eyes are green!

Picturesque Vancouver

The Beachcombers

IF a god in play took the globe in his hand and unwound the latitudes like yarn from a ball, there would be just such a crowd hanging onto them as lay like a scattered pack of cards on the Hastings Mill wharf one sun-beaten noon a month ago. I was one of the plain cards, put in to make up the pack, and don't count.

There were Giki, the Japanese, and Nook, the Siwash, whose tribes dovetailed in the far-off past; Jann Singh, the Punjabi; Fung Kow, the Pekinese; Rocambeau, the ear-ringed French seaman; Olaf, the son of Olaf, the hay-colored Souwegian, "ban sailorman"; Hans Blamm, the Dutch fo'mast hand; Dirk Bolt, the English bo'sun with the blue and red tattooing on his carbonadoed hide; and Jake Dogg, the harbor pirate, all of that breed of men the world nails to its crosses.

It was in that picturesque company I first met Jake Dogg, a living storybook whose chapters are strange ports in every longitude and whose illustrations shipwrecks, shanghai-ings and romantic seadevilry round the world.

Jake Dogg homes in a little cabin built on a float, a kind of tabloid Noah's Ark, or houseboat not recognized by the police. There are many of these picturesque maritime dwellings on the waterfront. You will find them from Coal Harbor to the sugar refinery. The tides creep up to their front doors. They are not derelicts, but their owners are. The people who live in them and save rent are not all as interesting as Jake Dogg, but most of them are harder to talk to. They knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. But this is not an apocalypse of their careless lives. The story of the float-dwellers need not be long, but it will take a long time to make it short. As for their trade, that is one of the professions that are full. Some are waterfront tramps, anchored for the winter on good holding-ground. Some are prosperous in a limited kind of way, and all dine oftener than they shave. To make a hard story soft, some of them are quite worthy citizens, if they do live a pipe-dreaming kind of life. Their color is white, or was once, before the sun and the wind smoked and cured them to shades ranging from teak-brown to the color of a b-flat piano key. They are not weighed down by nonconformist consciences as a general thing. They occasionally drink tanned liquids out of bottles, as prophylactics, for the waterfront air is not always wholesome when the tide is out. Some are harbor hoboes of the old school with modern improvements. Some are people past the working age, who were looking for a place to grow old in without knowing it, and seem to have found it. Some are just indolent cud-chewers, as harmless as the gulls, their neighbors. Some really work for a real living. Their picturesqueness is its own excuse. Some are fortune's footballs, but accept their sufferings like philosophers. Some have been sailors and think themselves, as float-dwellers, on a higher plane. "I came outa th' fo'c'sle o' my last ship," said one to me, "with no earthly possession but a shirt and a pair of pants with a hole in them." Now he is independent, owns his float and always has "the makin's." If the float-dwellers would not guard their tongues so much they could be entertaining. They know the harbor and its ships and its tides as a suburbanite knows the houses on his own street. It is high time the annals of the waterfront squatter were written, for though he does not make history very fast he has made some. But how are these chronicles going to be written if the gentlemen of the floats

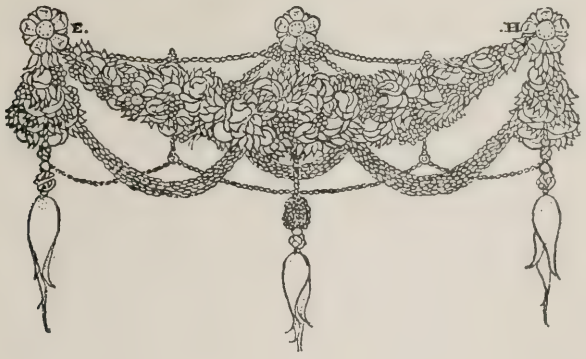
won't talk? Generally the float-dwellers suggest much to the imagination but yield little to description. Their lives are masks, like their features, when you try to interview one of them. Hidden behind the mask is the man himself, but you can't get at him. Some of them are curious characters, but these are the most reticent.

Some of the floats are comfortable and snugly fixed up for housekeeping, and one, at least, has a phonograph and canned grand opera on tap. Some are painted in bright colors, inside and out, and fly their owner's burgees from their flagstaffs. Most of the float-dwellers possess some kind of boat as tender, some own launches and do a little legitimate beachcombing

Some make a living trading boats, as gypsies are said to earn a poor but dishonest livelihood swapping horses. A few, enamored of work, build boats.

Chance is mistress and counsellor of the float-dweller. Love will not hold him. Duty forges no chain. He is a water vagabond and the dark mountains and the wet coast of British Columbia know him, and grey dawns have seen his camp-fires in the rain on many a shore where there are logs without a home and other flotsam for the picking. If you listen to three or four of these beachcombers talking you will hear a conversation ranging from Nome's long beaches to the coast of old Mexico. There are those who accuse the float-dweller of even more picturesque ways of getting logs than nosing along the coast in a gasoline launch. Some suspicious-minded people say that he has cut the booms of the waterfront mills and taken logs out, to sell them back to the mill again, with the proper admirable nerve of the buccaneer, after a decent hiatus of perhaps a week. And there are men along the wharves who say the float-dweller is a pirate in little and a smuggler. The float-dweller might clear himself of these libels if he were not so much like the Romans who used to say, "favete linguis"—be favorable with the mouth, meaning keep our mouth shut, or least said soonest mended. The waterfront amphibian, if he may be so called, is a man of much reticence, he can be silent in at least two languages—Chinook and coast English.

But the float-dwellers are not such an outlandish tribe, after all. They are nomadic and have indolent tendencies. But when you get to know them a little they are wonderfully individual and like the single men in barracks, "most amazingly like you." That is, they would be like you or you would be like them if you did not shave for a week and slept in your clothes and played cribbage most of the day instead of working. Of course this does not cover all the people who live, by choice, in cabins or floats. Some are quite respectable.



Dhalda

By J. H. Grant

WAITING, waiting, waiting, with the dogged patience peculiar to her race, an Indian girl sat in her lonely room. In through the open window floated the bustle and hum of the city's busy life; the buzz of street cars, the rattle of drays, and the cry of newsboys. All these were new to the girl, and long she watched and listened with interest. But as evening settled over the city and the setting sun shot long red streaks across the dark waters of the bay, she drew back from the window, her mind full of strange misgivings. A sickening feeling of insignificance crept over her as she sank into the chair in the centre of the unlighted room.

And this was Dhalda; Dhalda the ambitious, the confident, the grand-daughter of the proud old chief Legaic, and the bride of but a week. How had she come to this? Why did she feel thus forsaken? Her white husband, whom she regarded as a superior being, had left her early in the morning. She knew he was busy with the furnishing of the fine home he had promised her, in the west end, with piano, carpets and Chinese servants. But why did he leave her so long alone? If she had liked the hotel she might have borne her loneliness more bravely. She feared the strange noises and bustle of the streets, yet even these she decided to brave. She might meet her husband and he would be so pleased to have her meet him. She put on her hat, the one with the white band and great pink rose, of which she was so proud, and stepped into the hall. But a fine lady in rustling silks suddenly appeared and harshly ordered her back to her room. She felt an unknown terror hover about her as the bolt clicked to its socket outside the door.

The boisterous language from below, mingled with the harsh laughter of women, grated upon her. The insolence of the pallid youth who brought her meals to her room completed her misery. What did it all mean? She could but wait. Her husband must come soon. But why did her mind hark back to the days of her childhood? It leaped over the years in which she had worked and studied to gain her one ambition—to have a fine home, with servants and a white husband, the envy of all her people. A week since she thought she had attained her ideal. At this moment it all seemed so empty. Her mind's eye lingered more lovingly about the old frame cabin where the salmonberries grew and the long waves made music all their own. The weird songs that every Indian child knows by heart kept running through her brain and mingling oddly with the chickering of a piano below. She tried in a vague way to fit their minor strains to the tinkling accompaniment. Visions of her old grandfather would come before her. She could not forget the look of pain that dimmed his deep-set eyes as he watched her board the boat that was to take her from him forever. A new significance attached itself to his parting words:

"You are going far from your own people," he had said, "and we are sad. Our heads have not the cunning of the white man, but our hearts are big. Remember that Legaic's lodge has no lock. And if you come and find him not by his fireside, look where the graves of your fathers lie deep among yonder whispering firs."

These painful and unaccountable visions of the past were suddenly dispelled. Above the noise of revelry which had grown louder of late sounded the same harsh voice that had sent Dhalda trembling to her room. This time it spoke in hard, peremptory tones: "Bring down the little Siwash!"

Siwash! that term of contempt which every Indian on the Pacific coast hates like

poison, and coming from that awful woman! Poor Dhalda shrank farther into the chair and the darkness of her room. Presently a tall haughty-looking girl stepped in and turned on the light.

"The lady" she began, and sarcasm sizzled in her voice, "has told me to bring you down to help entertain the company." Turning as she spoke she led the way. Dhalda could not but follow. She felt in the thrall of a terrible spell.

The room was but dimly lighted, and as Dhalda followed the tall girl across the floor, she felt, rather than saw, the stares of the tipsy men and women *en deshabille* who occupied the settees. Through an archway she saw couples dancing and heard rippling music mingled with the clink of glasses. The air was heavy with perfume and beer-laden breaths. Dhalda recognized the alcoholic odor, and the fierce desire that is the awful heritage of every Indian child flamed suddenly. She felt that one glass of the beloved elixir would banish every painful foreboding, but she knew, in a dim sort of way, that it meant death to every vestige of her womanhood. The primal instincts of her savage ancestors, against which the ancient laws of her tribe had guarded most rigorously, waited for the slightest weakening of the will to whisper with siren lure. The struggle was fearful. She dropped into a cushioned chair, her body limp and her eyes those of a hunted wild thing. But the guardian spirit of Nature's children, the Angel, who from time unreckoned has kept watch over the untaught, came to her aid, and she fled from the room. Blindly she fled. A heavy impact and a volley of curses arrested her. Something in the voice that was swearing made her pause and look up. Oh, God! Was it? Could it be? Yes, it was her husband, drunk and lolling in the arms of a woman. For a moment she stared stupidly, as though grasping at some horrible truth; then turning about she flew up the padded stairs, her heart bursting with fear and jealousy.

In her room she dropped on her knees to pray. The good folk in the "Chilliwack Home" had told her to do that. But no words would come. Swiftly her heart was being taught to recoil from everything pertaining to the white race. Why should she pray to a white man's God? Again the friendly spirit came to her aid. The same voice that had spoken to all her mothers since the beginning of the race whispered in her ear.

"Flee!" it said. "Flee; leave all but your womanhood and flee back to your own people—back to your shores and forests, where the firs and cedars sigh and the wavelets ripple over untrodden sands."

Dhalda knew that she was hundreds of miles from her home, and she knew nothing of the way, but a great cunning seized her and she felt ready. The lump left her throat and the tears dried in salt circles about her eyes. She moved stealthily about the room.

But her frantic preparations were suddenly interrupted. The tall stranger once more stepped noiselessly into the room. The poor fugitive threw herself on the bed. "Oh, do not take me down again!" she pleaded.

"Hush, child," said the other kindly. "Have you any money?"

"N—no, my husband," faltered Dhalda.

"Stop, girl! Stop! Do not call him your husband. He is no person's husband. He is a devil." And her eyes flashed and her teeth snapped as though she would have bitten the very words. "He has sold you to this damnable traffic. You were bargained for before he married you. You are the third of your people he has enticed here. Why do they look for white husbands? Will they never see their folly? Nothing but shame and misery can ever come of it." Here for the first time Dhalda noticed beneath the rouge on the stranger's face a dark flush that told of kindred blood. "Take this, child," continued the tall girl, forcing a crumpled fifty-dollar bill into Dhalda's listless hand. "And go back to your own people. Quick! go to the wharf. The 'Camosun' sails an hour late tonight. You have yet twenty minutes. I have telephoned for a boy to show you the way. He is here now. Go, and if there is a God, may he protect you." With these words she turned and hurried down the stairs lest her absence should arouse suspicion. As with heavy heart she descended once more to the halls of shame, she recked not that opposite her sin-

stained name in the great book the Recording Angel wrote "Well done!"

The next moment Dhalda had silently descended a side stair. She had but one desire, the same that causes the wounded duck to slip stealthily among the rushes, or the young partridge to crouch beneath a yellow leaf; the desire to hide—hide from everybody, everything.

When she reached her stateroom she locked the door and crept into the narrow berth. Her mind was all confusion. The events of the last week and incidents of her childhood coursed through her brain in bewildering chaos. Visions of her old grandfather, carving grotesque ornaments by his lone fire, mingled oddly with pictures of the tall girl who had befriended her. But in the depths of the night, when she stood at the open window, her dark hair blowing about her face, and her black, shining eyes staring into the gloom, the veneer of civilization began to crack and chip and the true nature to assert itself. She heard the hiss of the sea-serpents as the ship ploughed a foamy furrow through the dark waters. She saw the witch fires gleam among the dark bluffs, and caught a glimpse of the water sprite capering about the silvery falls. When the deep whistle of the steamboat echoed and re-echoed, now loud, now soft, now loud again, she heard not the simple rebound of the sound. To her it was many-voiced Weedildhald, the Echo Sprite, calling among all the lone rocks and forests for the lost maiden of the tribe. Once she laughed a low, gurgling laugh that surprised herself.

The third night the boat stopped before Dhalda's native village. Not a star shone. The air was dark and soft like a black mantle. The deck hands threw off a few boxes, then the ship loosed her ropes and crept cautiously on into the night. Dhalda picked her way slowly along the familiar beach, until she stood before her grandfather's cabin. There it lay in silence; the clump of bushes, the grave and the great totem pole with the big beaver at its top. It used to look hideous, but now it was protecting—beautiful. She sat down on an up-turned canoe that her soul might drink in the scene. The waves rolled gently and stirred the pebbles at her feet. The soft breeze kissed her hot, fevered cheek. What music! what balm! she thought. Nature was fast reclaiming her wandering child.

Presently, from far away across the black waters floated music, fascinating in its weirdness. It was the boating song of the Tsimpsheans. Dhalda sprang to her feet electrified.

"Ya—ho—aoh—aho—o—o—o," she sang in answer. The first wild notes flew forth like the full call of a bugle, and the last strain lingered about the beach and died away in a liquid gurgle. Again and again she repeated the soul-stirring strain. Her brow and cheeks became cool and her lips moist. The last vestige of her late life dropped from her memory. Dhalda was a girl again; an Indian girl, free and unfettered.

A lamp appeared in the cabin window and sent a wavering shaft of light to where the girl stood. She heard footsteps approaching, but in the dense darkness outside the ray of light she could discern nothing, until a man stood close beside her. She did not need to turn her head nor raise her eyes from the dark ground. She felt her grandfather's presence. At last she looked up. He was standing in the light. The shimmer of a smile passed over his stoic features. He reached out his thin knotted hands and took her warm soft ones as though to convince himself that she was not an apparition. When at length he spoke, his kind, deep voice, unshaken by age, and the soft Tsimpshean language made music to her soul.

"Legaic's fire has been cold," he said slowly, "and his cabin empty. He has been lonely, very lonely. Has the Good Spirit brought Dhalda back to be the old man's warmth and sunshine once more?"

"Yes," she answered fervently.

Empire of Woman

Conducted by Valerie Vectis

NOTE:—Under this department will be answered, in order received, all letters from women readers of this magazine who wish for authentic and reliable information concerning British Columbia and the Western Prairies. All letters must be accompanied by "Correspondence Coupon"

"Every day a little life, a blank to be inscribed with gentle thoughts."

MANY thanks to you, dear readers, those of you who have written in such kind appreciation of the Empire of Woman. Although none of the letters received was intended for publication, they brought to me the pleasant assurance that some of you at least will be waiting month by month for another peep into this particular corner of the British Columbia Magazine.

I have often thought that if only a few of the great mass of magazine readers could know how much a little thoughtful recognition means to the writers behind the columns, many more cheery words and kindly greetings would wing their grateful way from reader to author.

After all, if people seek to give us pleasure, or to benefit us in any way, the most natural thing in the world is to thank them for their efforts.

What a countless army of tired pens would be re-vitalised and re-inspired if only they could be dipped more frequently into the reservoir of human sympathy and appreciation, instead of so monotonously into the murky fluid of the office inkwell.

I know what a busy world it is, this western world of ours, and there does not seem to be much time to spare for the graceful amenities of life, but, believe me, the effort is worth while.

The one thing of all others that is most worth while is striving to express happiness through ourselves and through the medium of those around us. It is astonishing how this can best be achieved by the exercise of a little intelligent thoughtfulness. "Thought is the measure of life," and in proportion to what we give, so in return we receive.

If we look only to the goal many of us strive to build for ourselves for the end of life's long journey, we miss all the sweetness of the flowers that blossom for us by the way.

Heigh-ho! this pen of mine seems inclined to sermonize; I must change it for another.

* * *

AN INVITATION

WON'T some woman reader write to the Empire of Woman along the lines I suggested in the January issue of this magazine?

Just a nice chatty letter telling of things that would interest other women who read these pages. Month by month this publication goes into thousands of homes, many of them thousands of miles apart from each other.

My idea is to establish a chain of connection between the outposts; a chain that will serve to draw the women readers of the British Columbia Magazine closer together, and prove mutually helpful in many ways.

For instance, a woman reader, we'll say in England, would like to come to this country to earn her own living. The name British Columbia conveys nothing to her of the vastness and immense possibilities of this beautiful province, but if she could find in these columns two or three interesting letters from women who are actually living here, she could read and judge for herself of conditions as they really are.

Letters can be published above a *nom de*

plume if so desired. If somebody would only start the ball rolling, I am sure there are enough clever readers of this magazine to keep the game going.

* * *

PERILOUS POINTS

"WHY will women wear such barbarous hatpins?" That question has been hurled at me so often that in sheer self-defence I feel I must hurl it back again. Perhaps some of you who read may be able to answer the conundrum; for my part, I must confess that I have had to give it up.

None the less it is a question to be taken seriously, because the hatpin as worn today has become a real menace in more ways than one. Every fresh accident caused by the projecting, perilous points of these baby rapiers calls forth a veritable storm of protest from a long-suffering public. Rightly, too! for it seems to me that we pay too dear a price nowadays for many of the foolish freaks of fashion.

In crowded trams and elevators they who value their precious eyesight keep a wary lookout for the headgear of women.

There is no logical reason why the points of hatpins should protrude several inches through the crown or brim of a hat to the imminent danger of that person's face which happens to be in its close proximity.

In Germany a bold crusader has arisen who is carrying on a spirited campaign against these wily weapons. Quite recently there appeared in one of the leading periodicals of the Fatherland a cartoon picturing this champion of a common cause as a reincarnation of gallant Arnold von Winkelreid facing alone and unarmed a phalanx of hatpins wickedly projecting through a belligerent breastwork of mobilized millinery.

Now the legend of Arnold von Winkelreid runs thus:

"In the year thirteen hundred and eighty six the Swiss were holding the little town of Sempach, not many miles from Lucerne, against the attacking army of Leopold, Duke of Austria.

"The Austrians outnumbered the confederated Swiss nearly three to one and were considerably strengthened by a large regiment of cavalry. As the nature of the ground was totally unsuitable for the action of horsemen the soldiers dismounted and formed themselves into a solid compact body of bristling pikes. The Lucerners charged, but lost many of their bravest warriors in trying to break down that impregnable wall of steel. They were hopelessly repulsed and not a man of the Austrians was even wounded.

"Then a knight of Unterwalden, one Arnold von Winkelreid, rushed out from the ranks and grasping as many of the pikes as he could reach, gathered them into his arms and buried them in his own body, bearing them to the ground with him as he fell. His comrades surged through the breach thus made and slaughtered the armor-encumbered knights of Austria in great numbers. The result of the battle was a decisive victory for the Swiss, who in this way won their independence and finally crushed any further efforts of the Austrian dukes to beat them into submission."

The artist of the cartoon I have mentioned has pictured the scene over again with this difference—his modern Paladin is punctured with hatpins instead of pikes.

It is a pity that so poignant a protest should have been considered necessary, but drastic ills demand drastic remedies.

Here is a chance for some clever woman to invent a cunning contrivance of elastic or ribbons that shall supersede, to everybody's satisfaction, the long, dangerous hatpin, whose only good point is a bad one.

I am sure the unwritten history of the hatpin hides many a tragedy, for even the bravest man will hesitate about coming to the—shall I say osculatory point?—when faced by a miniature *cheval de frise,* the bristling spikes of which do not invite him to a closer acquaintanceship.

Remember, ladies fair:

The point of an argument fails to convince,
Unless it is well driven in;
But the tenderest pressure will make a man wince,
When the point is the point of a pin.

* * *

MURDEROUS MILLINERY

SPEAKING of hatpins has turned my thoughts hatwards and thus incidentally to a subject that is very near my heart.

For the last six months I suppose it

would be safe to say that ninety per cent. of all the hats worn by women have had as their most distinctive feature the plumage of some bird. As a lover of birds I think it is a fashion to be deplored.

Surely there are enough ribbons and flowers in endless variety, to say nothing of exquisite lace and ornaments of all descriptions, to enable every milliner to create dainty and becoming hats for every woman without clamoring for wings and plumes, to obtain possession of which means the most wanton destruction of birdlife.

Not long ago at the Royal Colonial Institute there was read a paper entitled, "The Birds of our Colonies and Their Protection." The writer of this paper, in which the question of the wholesale slaughter of birds is forcibly presented, maintains that all the rarest and most beautiful birds throughout the British colonies are being ruthlessly exterminated to satisfy the insatiable demands of the fashionable milliner.

This statement he supports by statistics which show how, during last year alone, the feathered communities in various parts of the Empire were depleted and decimated by tens of thousands.

In Tasmania, Victoria and South Australia the emu has become extinct, although it is still found in some few places. The beautiful lyrebird, also of Australia, with its sweet song and quaint power of mimicing sounds, will also soon be a thing of the past unless it is protected in some way.

In one single season over four hundred of these birds alone were sacrificed on the altar of fashionable millinery.

In the whole of London last year only twenty-one skins of the bowerbird were to be had, owing to the wholesale destruction of these small feathered artists, who fashion so delightfully their bowerlike meeting places, ingeniously decorating them with shells or any other bright object that takes their fancy.

Owing to their scarcity the plumes of the egret are worth nearly fifty dollars an ounce in the feather market. These plumes are obtained during the breeding season by slaughtering the parent birds while they are hatching out their young. This fact alone should be sufficient to prevent women from wearing them.

The dazzingly splendid bird of paradise, and the exquisite wee humming-bird, some species of which exhibit the most gorgeously brilliant metallic hues known among created things, are both being rapidly killed out in order that feminine vanity may be appeased.

The flamingo of the Bahamas, the Impeyan pheasant of India, and the albatross of the Pacific, are all sharing the same miserable fate, one ship alone collecting last year the skins and feathers of three hundred thousand of the latter.

The writer of the paper I have alluded to makes the question an Imperial one, and urgently appeals to the powers that be to use, if necessary, arbitrary measures in order to preserve the birds of the Empire from complete extermination.

Laws and legislation may do much, but it is the women who can best protect these beautiful little creatures from the onslaughts of the plumage plunderers. Let the women of the Empire refuse, if only on humane principles, to wear hats that depend for their chief adornment on the plumage of birds, and the milliners in their own interests will soon evolve a new and, it is to be hoped, kindlier fashion.

While women clamor for them, the feather trade will of course flourish and procure a supply one way or another at any cost. But once let the followers of fashion refuse to be passive participants in the slaughter of birds merely for their plumage, and there will be no need to voice passionate appeals for the protection of our colonial birds, or to make, as has been suggested, the sale of certain plumes illegal throughout the United Kingdom:

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught.
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

WHEN anything especially good comes my way I always like to pass it on. That is why I am passing on to you this month one of the most profitable ways of investing a single dollar I have discovered up to date.

The Canadian Home Journal is a veritable treasure-trove for the housewife, and simply radiates that sweet "homey" atmosphere which never fails to brighten and bless everything coming within the circle of its beneficent influence.

The Canadian Home Journal is edited by one of the cleverest and most charming women in the realm of Canadian journalism today—Miss Jean Graham. A talented writer herself, with a genius for tactful discrimination, she has placed the Canadian Home Journal in the front ranks of home magazines.

In its pages the lover of good fiction will find much mental refreshment, daintily and delectably served. The home dressmaker will find helpful hints in plenty, and low-priced, well-cut patterns of smart and practical frocks for all occasions.

Those whose taste leans to the artistic in needlecraft will revel in the beautiful designs and original ideas that may be copied successfully even by the amateur, if only the carefully compiled instructions are faithfully followed.

On one page, the way out of many a difficulty is made delightfully easy for those who will take the trouble to enquire in the right direction. On another, one feels the warm glow of a cosy fire and instinctively draws up closer to share in the sincere sympathy and womanly counsel of the presiding goddess of so alluring an inglenook.

The cook has a corner all to herself; and the amateur gardener is not forgotten.

Then "Cousin Clover," who is just as sweet as her honey-laden flower namesake, has a special page for the bairns. Here the children gather month by month and tell in simple language the stories we never tire of hearing—the stories that keep this old world young.

But I must not tell of any more of the good things so invitingly sandwiched in between the very attractive covers of the Canadian Home Journal. One dollar is the silver key which will unlock the door of this storehouse of pleasant surprises and give you the freedom of its treasures for a whole year. Take my advice, and if I may use an expressive, if not exactly a strictly classical term, "get in on this"!

Many trite sayings have been written by philosophers around the giving of advice. I remember one which reads, "Good counsels observed are chains to grace." Now I cannot be certain that they who follow my advice will necessarily find a "chain to grace," but I am sure they will discover a chain to many happy hours secreted in this charming journalistic garden, where bloom in such profusion the sweet-scented flowers that make fragrant the atmosphere of home.

Those who are thinking of building a home or of re-decorating or re-furnishing the home they already have should not miss the February issue of this journal, called the "Home Builder's Number." It is simply brimming with practical and artistic suggestions both for interior and exterior home adornment. The illustrations show many beautiful designs that cannot but please the most fastidious.

Domestic sanitation, heating systems, and a dozen other vital questions to the home builder are comprehensively and effectively dealt with, making this number alone worth in itself a whole year's subscription.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"NURSE L."—London, England. I have made careful enquiries in connection with the subject of your letter, in order to give you the best information I myself could procure.

In the prairie provinces, the railways are opening up much new territory, and many new towns are beginning to dot the map to the west. Of course this means many hundreds of openings for trained nurses, both in the hospitals and in the homes.

In British Columbia, as far as I can gather, there are excellent opportunities in many places for thoroughly trained, capable nurses. If you have any particular town in mind, I shall be pleased to do my best to find out local conditions for you.

With regard to Vancouver, this city appears to have been for some time the Mecca of nurses from all over the world. Those here already seem to think any perceptible increase to their numbers just at present inadvisable, as many are not always able to obtain regular employment.

There are two large hospitals here, St.

Paul's (Roman Catholic) and the City General Hospital. There is a Graduate Nurses' Association, and the Victorian Order of Nurses also have two branches here.

There are several private hospitals in various parts of the city, and these, of course, provide employment for a large number of nurses.

The wages all over the province are good. Private nurses receive twenty-five dollars a week for ordinary cases; and for isolation cases thirty dollars.

The demand for certificated children's nurses is an ever-increasing one, and there are many good homes in different parts of the country waiting for nice girls who specialize in this particular branch of their profession.

The English nurse coming to Canada without the proper qualifications must be prepared to take whatever work she can get. Midwives are not allowed to practise without a doctor, and the latter give the preference in every case to a fully qualified graduate hospital nurse.

Before a nurse, or any other woman worker, can make the best of her life in this new country, there must be a certain readjustment of ideas that will "fit in" with the new conditions and environment.

My own opinion is, that East or West in this vast Canada the right kind of woman, who is willing to adapt herself to circumstances, can make a success of any branch of work she undertakes in the **right** spirit and in the **right** way. Too many think "any old thing" or "any old way" will **go** in a new country. Never was greater mistake made.

This country is in the building stage, and this country not only wants, but demands good workmen and good work-women. In every department of life these vast western provinces are crying out, not for the "slacker," the incapable, and the inefficient, but for the competent craftsman, the conscientious worker, the skilful and industrious, who work steadily towards a worthy end, and "make good" in the truest sense of the term.

The fault of the **failures** lies in themselves—not in the country. Canada wants the citizenship of the men and women who come to share in her destiny; citizenship inspired by imperial motives, patriotism and loyalty.

Here an empire is in the making, and every stone must be well and truly laid if the mighty fabric of the future is to rest on a sure foundation.

Now, "Nurse L." I have exceeded my space limit. Your interesting letter must be the excuse for so lengthy a reply. If you decide to come to this country, remember that it is impracticable to come without a certain amount of capital to "tide you over" until you find employment.

Come in the right spirit: Take things as you find them: Do your little best to make them better. Then I think you will find that even the "good time" you speak of, and hope for, will not be entirely missing.

* * *

THE Dundee Advertiser recently added the following to the long list of children's school examination stories:

The inspector was examining Standard I and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master: "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject.

"Now tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

Note:—All letters must be addressed to Valerie Vectis, care of this department, and have "Correspondence Coupon" enclosed.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

"Empire of Woman" Dept.

MARCH, 1911

This coupon must be cut out and enclosed with all letters to this department.

WOMEN WRITERS OF THE WEST

ALICE ASHWORTH TOWNLEY

President of the Vancouver Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club
Author of "Opinions of Mary," "Just a Little Boy" and "Just a Little Girl"

IF, as a wise old philosopher has said, "opinions are a medium between knowledge and ignorance," surely nobody ever effected quite so clever a compromise with the two extremes as does Mary, the charming creation of the versatile brain and pen of Mrs. Alice Ashworth Townley.

Mary is a loquacious pedlar and offers her argumental wares with a dainty artifice that is certainly captivating, if not always convincing. It is the good fortune of very few of us to win as many friends by airing our opinions as Mary has done since she first took an appreciative public into her confidence over the gay cover of her horticultural catalogues about a year ago.

Always ingenuous, not always consistent, with a fresh naivete and a sparkling sense of humor that is ever bubbling over, Mary is winsome and womanly and irresistibly sweet.

Like Cæsar of old, Mary came, we read, and Mary conquered. Even the critics saluted her and paid flattering tribute to her charms.

If it were not for the adorable femininity of her, I should liken Mary to some combative champion of knightly story. She has a way of prancing into the lists with lance at rest, ready in a flash for a tilt with any contestant, and she generally succeeds in riding away with the coveted trophy of victory.

Whatever may be Mary's opinion about other people, there seems to be but one opinion about Mary—and that is an exceedingly complimentary one.

Besides the "Opinions of Mary," Mrs. Townley has published two delightful books for children, called respectively "Just a Little Boy" and "Just a Little Girl." The latter has been brought out in school edition and is widely used as a supplemental reader in public schools, both in Canada and the United States.

This talented woman writer of the west also contributes short stories, verse and

MRS. ALICE ASHWORTH TOWNLEY

humorous and descriptive articles to many magazines and newspapers throughout the Dominion.

Some years ago she conducted a very successful page for young people in the Toronto "Mail and Empire."

All patriotic and philanthropic efforts find a sympathetic supporter in Mrs. Townley. She is president of the Vancouver branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club, literary secretary of the Women's Canadian Club, a vice-president of the local Council of Women, and is at present forming a new Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

Her friends and many admirers await Mrs. Townley's next book with pleasant anticipation. Perhaps Mary may come west. I believe she is the one person who could unravel the infinite intricacies of the Chinese Commission—at least to her own satisfaction.

Mary on reciprocity, or even on compulsory vaccination, might disentangle many knotty points for us.

In the meantime here are some of that captivating young lady's views on the much-debated subject—woman's suffrage.

"That's just where men are mistaken. Women always do know what they want—and very often say it, too. Why, Eve, the very first woman, knew exactly what

she wanted. She wanted clothes. And all down the ages the cry has come, 'Clothes, clothes! give me *clothes;* plenty of them and pretty ones.' And the desire of the last woman is expressed in the words of the first, 'Clothes! I have no clothes! I am simply naked!' Surely every man will admit that. I fancy I won't have much difficulty in refuting the argument that woman does not know what she wants.

"If you come to that, it is *man* who doesn't know what he wants. Look at Adam. Did he know what he wanted? No! The Lord only knew what Adam wanted, and he gave it to him. Adam wanted a wife. To do him justice, man, after he was once shown his need, recognized it, and ever since one of the first things he asks for when he comes to man's estate is a wife.

"If there is any truth in this influence of woman for great good that one hears men talking so grandly about, why not strengthen her position by giving her a vote, and so enable her to help *do* some of the things she now dreams—the reforms and advancements she now advocates and pleads with men to carry by their votes. As society is now constituted, are not many women forced to attain their ends by coaxing, wheedling and degrading subterfuge—'managing'? Oh, when I get a husband I hope he won't be one of these pig-headed narrow-minded men one has to manage. I would like to be able to be frank and open with him and feel that, within limitations, he would respect and allow my individual views—knowing that my wifely respect and love would influence me to fall in with his ideas and wishes in all possible ways."

* * *

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE

"NOW, Miss Barlock," I said to my typist, as I entered my writing den, "if you're quite ready we'll begin at once, please. Title: 'The Synthetic Pilgrim: a Post-Impressionist Romance.' Have you got that?" Miss Barlock had got that, but she looked puzzled, and, as she seems to take an intelligent interest in my work, I thought it better to explain the idea before proceeding.

Miss Barlock glanced up at me over her typewriter with some anxiety. "Are you quite sure," she inquired uneasily, "that this sort of thing will be really popular?"

"Not immediately," I admitted. "Every inventor of a new literary style has to go through a period of misunderstanding, and even derision. Look at Carlyle and Browning and Meredith, for example!"

"But surely," she objected, "that isn't quite the same thing. I mean, they didn't write like babies—'gug-gugging' and 'goo-gooing,' and all that."

No doubt Miss Barlock didn't mean to do it, but somehow she put me off. I have made no further progress with my great Post-Impressionist Novel. But it is merely biding its time.

—F. A. in *Punch.*

C. C. C. Club

Children's Chain of Comradeship

Linked Together by Valerie Vectis

Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's hard at whiles;
Helping when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.

BAIRNIES, dear, you will all be pleased to read the first prize letter which I publish this month. In the April number I hope to be able to publish two more—one from a boy as well as one from a girl. Then two more of my little comrades will be the richer each by a dollar.

Of the letters received up to date not one was from a boy.

Boys, what are you going to do about it? Surely you are not going to allow the girls to beat you in this way?

I want you to understand, children, dear, that in awarding the prizes I shall always make fair allowance for the difference in age of the boys and girls competing.

What I want are interesting little letters, put into simple words, and these can come just as well from little girls as from big ones. Write in short sentences, and don't forget that neatness and correct spelling always win a good mark. Learn to take pains, and I am sure my postbag will soon be overflowing with letters and I shall be going gray wondering which ones to reward with those new dollars of mine.

* * *

The prize of one dollar for the best letter sent in goes this month to Emma Sigalet, Mabel Lake, B. C.

Mabel Lake, Feb. 15, 1911.

Dear Valerie Vectis:

I now take pleasure to write you a few lines, and let you know a few things about us.

We live in the country on a farm. It is thirty-two miles to our nearest town, which is Vernon. It is a long way to drive, and takes two days until we get home again.

We spent one year in Vernon, but did not like it as well as the country. There are not many people living out here; there are more woods than fields.

We have one mile to go to school. There are only ten children going now, since three of them went away. We have a good teacher and we all like to go to school.

I like your piece, the Forest Fairies, very much.

We only get our mail once a week, every Thursday. It is one mile and a quarter to the post office, and four and a half miles to the Mabel Lake.

We have no telephone out here, but we have quite good roads. There is a large river running through the valley, and every fall there is a great run of salmon and other fish. There are quite a few deer out here, and there is also good trapping around brooks and low places.

There is a lot of snow this winter, about twenty inches, but it has not been very cold.

We have two horses, four cows, four calves and nineteen chickens. We have no sheep yet, but I hope we will soon get some. We have three hogs now.

We also have a small orchard, but it is quite large enough for our own use. We have nearly one acre of strawberries, but have not got very much of our land cleared yet. We have a hard time getting our teachers, so we have to miss quite a few school terms.

I am fourteen years old now, and I am in the fourth reader. I have no more news so I will have to close, hoping to see this letter in print in the British Columbia Magazine.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

EMMA SIGALET

Signed: Mrs. C. A. Sigalet, mother.

Yours is a very interesting letter, Emma, and it is very neatly written. It is quite the nicest letter I have yet received from the readers of the C. C. C. department. You will notice that I am nothing quite so dreadful as a "sir"; I am only just a woman who loves children.

The next time you write to me I shall like it ever so much more if you sign yourself my little friend, instead of "Yours truly."

The thought of that strawberry patch of yours makes me feel positively hungry for my favorite fruit. What a jolly farm you must have, and with four cows I can imagine there is always lots of cream for the strawberries.

I am so glad you are fond of your teacher; I am sure she is very nice, since you all like her so much.

Read through your letter as I have printed it, very carefully. It is better practice to write numbers in full, not in figures. Like this (four and a half) instead of (4½); see!

I shall hope to hear from you again, dear, and I am delighted to send you the dollar prize for this month.

* * *

HELEN RANKIN: Next to the prize letter yours was the best one sent in, Helen. Try again, little girl. I think you will do better next time. Remember, polite letters always; begin by addressing the person for whom the letter is intended, and always end "yours sincerely," or "yours truly," or "your little friend."

Ask your daddy, he will explain to you what I mean.

Can't you think of something more to write about Vancouver? This big city is so full of interesting things even a little girl cannot fail to notice if she keeps her eyes open. Like you, I love the park and the Capilano Canyon, and in the summer I, too, go picnicing in those beautiful spots. Perhaps some day I may meet you there; won't that be jolly? Do you go to school, dear, and do you know that Vancouver has a very important birthday this year? Write to me again. I shall be on the lookout for you.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND PRIZES FOR GIRLS

This month I am again offering two new dollar bills, one to the boy and one to the girl who sends in the best letter about the place in which they are living. The reason I choose the same subject for three months running is that every boy and girl reader of this magazine may have an equal chance. If I changed the subject every month many readers of this page would be unable to compete for the prizes, owing to the great distances the magazine has to travel before it reaches them. Keeping to the same subject for three months makes the competition a fair one for everybody.

* * *

RULES TO BE CAREFULLY OBSERVED BY THOSE COMPETING FOR PRIZES

All letters must be written on one side of the paper only, and with every letter must be enclosed the "C. C. C." correspondence coupon.

Boys and girls taking part in these competitions must be under the age of fifteen.

Letters must not exceed three hundred words, and all letters must be signed by one of the parents, or the guardian of the writer, to certify that it is entirely his or her own work.

* * *

WHO WANTS TO START A BANKING ACCOUNT?

Now please don't all put up your hands at the same time. Of course you would all like to start a banking account, and I am going to tell you how you can do it. In this competition I am not going to set any age limit, because I want every boy and girl who reads this page to have an equal chance. For the names of every five new subscribers to this magazine a boy or girl sends in to this office, I will send him or her a new dollar bill by registered mail. So you see that with the first dollar bill you can start your banking account, and with every subsequent dollar you earn in this way you can add to it. Now isn't that worth trying for? Ask mother or father to help you, and I know you will soon be the richer by several dollars. The editor wants this magazine to have a place in every

home in British Columbia, and also in thousands of other homes in Eastern Canada and in all parts of the world.

Now who is going to help make the "British Columbia Magazine" one of the best-known magazines in the British Empire? Good luck to all of you who try!

* * *

HOW TO GO ABOUT IT

Write your own name and full address at the head of a sheet of paper, then the names and addresses of those who wish to become subscribers to this magazine. Then send this sheet of paper with Postal Order or Express Order for the amount of the subscriptions, and I will mail you your dollar by return post. Be sure to write names and addresses very plainly. Don't forget that all letters must be addressed to the office of this magazine, care of the "C. C. C." club. Also remember that the price of a single subscription to the magazine for one year is $1.50.

* * *

BLOWING BUBBLES

"Blowing bubbles is such fun,"
Little Phyllis cried.
"Just see how they keep the sun
Prisoned up inside.

"Watch this tiny one grow big,
Bigger than my ball;
See the colors dance a jig
On its bubbly wall.

"Poof! now it is safely steered
Up into the air;
Poof! why it has disappeared,
And I don't know where."

* * *

HOW TYLTYL AND MYTYL WENT IN SEARCH OF THE BLUE BIRD.

(*Continued from Page 148, February issue*)

CHILDREN, dear, you will remember that we left Tyltyl and Mytyl standing by the big oak, on the threshold of the "Land of Memory."

The dense fog all around them made poor little Mytyl very frightened, and she cried just a little bit, and told her brother she wanted to go home. This Tyltyl would not hear of, and called her a "big baby," and reminded her that it was in the "Land of Memory" the Fairy Berylune had told them they would find their dear old granny and grandad whom they had thought dead.

While they were talking, the mist began to grow thinner and thinner, and a soft white light appeared that soon dispersed the fog altogether. Then before the astonished eyes of the children there came into full view a pretty little cottage all covered with creepers and ivy. There were the flowers they knew and loved, blooming in pots on the window-sills; and under a shed were several bee-hives, just like those they kept themselves; and hung up outside the door was a wooden cage with a sleeping blackbird in it. Seated on a bench in the porch were two old people, also fast asleep.

Tyltyl recognized them at once and cried out in great glee, "Why, it's grandad and granny!"

As though they felt the nearness of the children, Granny Tyl and Gaffer Tyl woke up, and Tyltyl and Mytyl rushed from behind the tree shouting, "Here we are!—here we are!—Gaffer!—Granny!—It's we!—It's we!"

What a meeting that was, and how they all hugged each other!

Gaffer Tyl still wore the wooden leg they remembered, and their dear old granny had not lost her rheumatism; only somehow they seemed to be strangely beautiful in a way Tyltyl and Mytyl had not noticed before.

The joy of the old people at this visit from the children found expression in a hundred sweet ways.

Tyltyl and Mytyl wandered around the cottage finding all sorts of things they thought they had forgotten. There were the hole in the door Tyltyl had made one day with a gimlet; and a soup-tureen he had knocked a corner off; and the clock with the big hand that he had broken.

Out in the garden was the plum tree he used to climb, and in the cage by the door was the same old blackbird he had so often teased.

As soon as he thought of the blackbird it woke up and began to sing at the very top of its voice. Then Tyltyl's eyes grew wider and wider with astonishment, for he suddenly observed that the blackbird was quite blue.

"Why, it's the Blue Bird I had to take back to the fairy!" he cried; "and you never told me you had him. Oh, he's blue! —blue!—blue!—as blue as a glass marble!"

Then he begged his granny and grandad to give him this wonderful bird, and he seemed to want it so much they let him have it.

However, Gaffer Tyl warned both children not to make too sure of the bird, because it had grown so used to the "Land of Memory" it might fly back from the noisy outside world at any time.

Tyltyl only thinking how pleased the Fairy and Light would be, ran to get the little cage he had brought with him, and which he had left behind the big oak tree, and soon he had the blackbird that had turned blue, safely inside.

Then he suddenly remembered his little brothers and sisters who had died, and even as he thought of them they all came trooping through the door of the cottage, and he and Mytyl were soon hugging them and kissing them, and screaming with sheer delight at seeing them all again.

Everything in this wonderful "Land of Memory" seemed to need only a thought to awaken it and bring it to life.

Just a thought from Tyltyl had brought to life all his dear little brothers and sisters, and here they were looking so well and chubby—and oh, so happy!

What romps they had; and Granny Tyl made them a delicious supper and a big plum-tart especially for Tyltyl. How they enjoyed everything, but when the clock struck half-past eight Tyltyl suddenly recollected that he had promised Fairy Berylune to be back by a quarter to nine, so he took up his cage and hurriedly kissing everybody, said he would have to go.

Poor old Granny Tyl cried, and all his little brothers and sisters clung around him, but calling to Mytyl and promising to come again soon, he tore himself away, because he knew the Fairy would be waiting for him.

As he and Mytyl moved away, the fog came up again and soon the "Land of Memory" was quite hidden from their view. Once more they found themselves standing by the big oak tree, but when Tyltyl looked at the bird in his little wooden cage, he saw to his dismay that it wasn't blue any longer, but had turned black again. This was a dreadful disappointment, but Fairy Berylune told the children about another wonderful place, where they might, if they looked in the right direction, find a real blue bird, that would stay blue.

This new place was the "Palace of Night," and when Tyltyl and Mytyl arrived there they found that it was built like a large temple, all of black marble, gold, and ebony. There were hundreds of wide steps that rose up gradually between huge columns of black stone, and all around this great hall were doors made of dark bronze.

On one of the lower steps was seated an old woman dressed all in black, and near her were two little children. One was the prettiest wee fellow Tyltyl and Mytyl had ever seen, and he was lying curled up all rosy and smiling and sound asleep. The other one looked as though he had gone to sleep standing up, but he was covered over with so many veils that it was impossible to see what he was like.

I must not forget to tell you that Bread, Sugar, and the Dog accompanied the children on their search for the Blue Bird in the "Palace of Night."

The first thing Tyltyl did, unfortunately, was to offend the old woman who was sitting on the steps, by saying, "Good-day, Mrs. Night!"

"I am not used to that," she replied angrily; "you might say Good-night, or at least, Good-evening!"

Tyltyl humbly begged her pardon, and asked if the two children were her two little boys.

"Yes!" said Night grumpily; and she added that the name of the fat, chubby one was "Sleep."

"What is the name of that one hiding himself?" asked Tyltyl.

"Oh, that is Sleep's sister," was the reply; "but her name is not a pretty one, so let us talk of something else."

Then Tyltyl told Night how he was looking for the Blue Bird, and asked her to kindly tell him where to find it.

Night replied that she knew nothing about the bird, and it certainly was not in her palace.

"But Light told me he was here," cried

Tyltyl, "and Light knows what she is saying."

This remark made Night furious, because she said that Light was no friend of hers, and had no right to interfere in her affairs.

However, when Tyltyl showed his magic diamond, Night very unwillingly gave up the keys of the doors of the hall, but said she refused to be responsible for anything that might happen.

Mytyl and Bread and Sugar were rather frightened at what might be hidden behind those dreadful-looking doors. Tyltyl tried to be very brave, and going boldly up to the nearest door turned the key and opened it very cautiously. Immediately there rushed out five or six strange-looking ghosts, and Mytyl screamed with terror, she was so frightened.

The Dog had to help Night chase them back again, because there was no knowing what might happen if one of them got away.

In spite of the shock the ghosts had given him, Tyltyl was not to be turned away from his purpose. He opened door after door, and many were the strange and dreadful things he saw.

In one room were huddled all the Sicknesses that afflict man; in another were huge terrible shapes called Wars; and in another were terrifying things called Shades and Terrors.

Tyltyl looked in vain for the Blue Bird, but no amount of persuasion could keep him from peeping through every door. Once he grew awfully afraid: it was when he looked into the room where the Mysteries were kept. One dreadful monster tried to seize him, and when he had managed to shut the door and was standing all white and trembling outside, Night told him that the giant's name was Silence.

Even brave Tyltyl began to think that it might be wiser to leave the other doors unopened, but oh, he did so much want to find the Blue Bird for Fairy Berylune.

He tried again, but this time instead of hideous, ugly goblins, the room he peeped into was full of beautiful girls, dressed in radiant robes of lovely colors. Night said they were the unemployed stars, and while they fluttered about the great black columns, all the air became full of the perfumes of the Night, Will-o'-the-wisps, Fireflies and the song of the Nightingale.

The gloom of the mysterious palace was faintly lit by a soft, dim light, as though somebody had let down a lantern through the roof.

A crystal dew was gently falling from somewhere, making even the atmosphere appear full of diamonds.

Mytyl clapped her hands, and Tyltyl thought the stars simply lovely. Night, who was growing rather tired of these inquisitive children, chased all the stars back into the room from which they had escaped, and told Tyltyl she thought he had seen enough.

There was only one more door to be opened, and that was the huge door right at the back of the hall. This door was much larger than any of the others, and was made of solid brass.

Night was very anxious that Tyltyl should not open that door, and begged him not to. She hinted that if he once looked inside that big brass door, even she could not tell the dreadful things that might happen to him. She was so much in earnest about it that Mytyl and Bread, and even the Dog, did their best to try to coax Tyltyl away from the unseen dangers of that terrible place.

However, when the Dog found that Tyltyl was determined to find out for himself what was really behind this last great door, he showed his loyalty by declaring that he would certainly remain with his little master whatever happened.

All the rest ran away, as Tyltyl, gathering what little bit of courage he had left, turned the key, and then—how can I describe the wonderful sight he saw?

Behind the door was a perfectly exquisite dream-garden, bathed in most beautiful and mysterious lights. Jewels such as nobody has ever seen hung upon the trees, and stars and planets flitted about, touching everything with enchanted glory. Moonbeams threaded strings of silver through the air; but most wonderful of all—the whole garden was full of gorgeous blue birds.

At first Tyltyl was dazzled and bewildered, but when he really understood he called out to Mytyl and the others, "Oh, come quickly! It is heaven! They are here! It's they! It's they! It's they!

We have them at last! Hundreds, thousands, millions of blue birds! Mytyl, come! Come everybody! Come and help me catch them, they are quite tame. See! they are eating the moonbeams."

By this time Mytyl and the rest were all in the garden, busy catching blue birds.

Tyltyl was so excited. "Oh, how pleased the Fairy and Light will be," he kept crying. Soon he had his arms full of blue birds, and afraid lest he should lose them, he called to the others, and together they all ran out of the enchanted garden and out of the Palace of Night as quickly as they could.

When Light, who had been waiting for them, met them, the children were just covered with blue birds, but somehow the beautiful little creatures looked sadly different from what they had seemed in the dream-garden. Their poor little heads hung over, their feathers drooped and soon every one of them was dead—quite dead.

Tyltyl was broken-hearted and could not understand who had killed them. He was so disappointed that he buried his face in his arms and cried bitterly.

Light looked so sorry for him and came and put her arms around him and kissed him. "Don't cry, my child," she whispered—oh, so gently; "you did not catch the one that is able to live in broad daylight. He has gone somewhere else, but we shall find him again."

* * *

(Next month I will tell you how and where Tyltyl and Mytyl really found the most beautiful bird in the world—the Blue Bird.)

Note:—All letters must be addressed to Valerie Vectis, care of this department, and have "Correspondence Coupon" enclosed.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE

"C. C. C." Dept.

MARCH, 1911

This coupon must be cut out and enclosed with all letters to this department.

A Question

By MARGARET RIDGELY SCHOTT

(From The Century)

As Wisdom, at his task applied,
Sat high within his tower,
Beneath his window, dewy-eyed,
Youth passed with sprig of flower.

Tricked out in guise of courtly page,
With cap and dancing feather,
She smiled and tossed the wondering sage
Her spray of rosy heather.

He left his scroll, he closed his book,
Alas, for lore and learning,
And following that beguiling look
Without a thought of turning.

And since that day his heart has known
Sweet Youth and learned to prize her;
Some say that Wisdom's overthrown,
And some that he's grown wiser.

Motoring and Motor-Boating in British Columbia

Conducted by Garnett Weston

A MAN'S brain is like an apple, it ripens when the season mellows it. The elemental stages are crude and the seeds which will grow into the ripened brain are green like the apple's. But when the seeds ripen they give a new thing to men and their greenness is forgotten.

Their greenness and the Way Between are forgotten. Once a man who was called Lilinthel made a gliding machine. He lay flat upon an outspread plane, pushed off from the top of a hill, and glided by easy stages downward to the earth. That was the first green seed. Now men spiral downward from above the clouds, but first they climb there in the machine. They need no high hill to give them altitude. An engine throbs, the propeller blades vanish into dizzy speed and the earth drops away.

These things are the green seeds and the apple. But what of the Way Between? Lilinthel fell from his glider and died. That was the first step over the Way Between. What of the men who have taken the other steps? The Way Between the then and now is a sombre way. It is tombstoned with the lives of the men who fell from the clouds. Also it is a glorious way, for the men who died upon it were the sportsmen of the times, devotees of the god of science. He is a stern old god, and his tasks are like the tasks set the prince in the fairy tale. Likewise the awards are exceeding great, for the smile of the queen who rules the empty vasts greets them when they have passed through the corridor of the strange dragons into her domain.

THE PASSENGER

THEY say that every man has a yellow streak. Perhaps so, but the man who calls over his shoulder, "Let go!" and guides the machine into the clouds must surely have forgotten his or smothered it. A thousand feet of nothing are below him. The world has something of the look of a school geography. The round ball drops below another thousand feet. The world begins to look small and very, very old. It has a wrinkled appearance and seems to speak of a long waiting. The man looks down upon it and wonders what it is waiting for. Then he pushes himself still higher.

Meantime the Passenger watches his every move. The Passenger is a shadowy figure merging with the wires and stays. You may be able to gain an impression of a hooded form with talon hands if you glance that way. If you focus, however, you find nothing. That is the peculiarity of the Passenger.

The same talon hands throw the Dice That Decide. They fall this way and that. The little sound of their falling is out-noised by the scream of the propeller and the bark of the engine. The air has grown very cold. Sometimes the man has a throw. Whenever he sends the machine a little higher he has lost a point. Still he climbs and still the shadowy hands play on. The score counts higher. Soon it will have reached the maximum.

The man leans forward a little. "Eight thousand," he says aloud; "I must go eleven." Up, up he mounts until the clouds close under him and the machine floats in a grey sea of moving mists. Then the Passenger throws for the last time and counts the totals. The hands reach

out and touch the machine. Something cracks. A wing warps suddenly. One talon hand reaches for the man's heart and grips it in the cold agony of fear. Then the machine cuts downward into the mist.

When the people gather about the splintered wreck the Passenger puts his hands upon the man, and his lips, seen vaguely under the folds of his hood, mouth the words, "Stand by, he is mine." It is so that the dice have decided. One would think that the Passenger would weary winning at the dice, but he never does. He has played the same tireless game through all the æons. He is never satiate with victory.

* * *

THE DRAY HORSE

THE dray horse is a custom of the day before which is still with us. He has outlived his use and the time is when he should exist for the sole purpose of encouraging the manufacture of blue ribbons. The place of the familiar plodder has been usurped by the motor-van. It travels with rather more than twice the speed, carries more, costs more to buy, but less to keep. The difference in the original cost is rapidly reversed by the reduction in running expenses. The firm still using horses probably were five years behind their competitors in installing a 'phone and a typewriter.

Sometimes we see it now, the huge truck with its crushing steel-tired wheels; its motive power, the harnessed backs of the willing horses. The great hoofs slip on the hard cement pavement which offers no foothold. With heads down and great breaths pulsing the lungs the dray horse drags its stubborn load.

A sullen snort sounds from a side street. A grumbling motor-truck jolts into view, curves the corner and rolls on. No slackening of speed betrays the uphill grade. The van climbs past the horses pulling into their collars. One company's errand is accomplished in a short time. The other company, having depended on mere flesh, is forced to wait while the fleshy machinery drags its load to its destination. Thus is TIME, intertwined with a dollar sign, wasted.

The commercial horse will go. It will be piled away on the musty boards in the vault of the years with the traditions of things that used to be. It will fuse with the time-old discards from the ceaseless shuffle of the pack which changes under the fingers of man who never grows old.

In all the years man has picked, used and laid aside, without yea or nay, the things he wished. Soon he will throw out the horse. He will cease to use the beast, because it cannot give him the efficiency he asks. Once more the handiwork of man will have improved on that of Nature. If a symbol of long toil and faithful serving were raised, the truest emblem would be the stone figure of a horse burdening the commerce of a city.

* * *

EARMARKS

THE city's street presents difficult puzzles with easy answers. Have you ever been hard put to amuse yourself while walking along the street? Here is an easy way to create an endless amusement coupled with a puzzle which is no sooner solved than it presents itself afresh. The amusement is offered to the man or woman who is strictly an amateur in things motor.

A car swings onto the street and slips by with a lacquer wink.

"That's a Cadillac," remarks a friend.

"Why—how do you know?" Before he can answer a second car goes by with the dull stare of the old car, mud stained. "That's a Winton six," says he. Other cars pass—large, small, artistic, grotesque. Your friend names them all. First is a green Napier with Rudge-Whitworth wheels, spoked like a bicycle. Then a little Hupmobile runabout, next a huge mile-swallowing Oldsmobile. A Hudson car threads the traffic and the friend points to the little triangles on the hubs. A Mitchell with its two straps over the engine hood follows. A White steamer moves away from the curb, and a big Russell slips into the empty space, leaving a thin blue trail of smoke which tells of the Knight engine.

"There's a Peerless and a McLaughlin with a Buick engine. That's a Flanders with a Pierce-Arrow and a Maxwell behind it. That little car crossing the tracks is a Ford, and there's another Mitchell. That little runabout over there painted a

dull red is a Stoddard-Dayton." So he rattles on while you listen, wondering. "How do you know?" comes from your tongue after each remark, like a stutter. "There's a Humber," he tells you in answer; "first I've seen here. See that Overland torpedo? Beauty, eh? There's a Chalmers-Detroit, and the taxicab just behind is a Thomas of three years ago. There's an Autocar. That green one is a Vinet. The grey one just turning onto Seymour street is a Metallurgique, made in Brussels. The other grey one is an Arral Johnson, a Scotch car. There's a Rambler with a spare wheel and an offset crank shaft. This one's a Pope-Hartford."

So he talks and you listen, wondering at his knowledge. Except for size or color the cars are all alike to you. In reality it is very simple to distinguish the majority of the cars. The next time you find a car standing by the curb stop and examine it. Note the formation of the engine hood, look at the name on the axles. If it is a Russell you will find the axles are made of a grey metal like dusty silver and the word "Russell" will be across it in raised script. The next time you see a Russell you will know it by its axles. Repeat the process with other cars. Soon you will know every car by its earmarks. Then you can amuse yourself as you walk along the street by naming the approaching cars. Every car has its name on it somewhere. That is the first thing for the beginner. Later you will learn to recognize the levers, the models, and, after a time, even know the car by the throb of its engine.

* * *

MERELY INFORMATION

THE fluent automobile, shining son of the bicycle and the buggy, dedicated to a reckless public, thrusting itself up hill, falling smoothly down, and floating over the level as if it were alive, deserves the attention of more writers. Now years out of the experimental stage the automobile hath every detail of her wonderful mechanism simplified and trembling on the point of perfection, from her gas-breathing engine with its spinning ganglion the magneto, through clutch, transmission box and propeller shaft to the mighty teeth of her driving pinion, as important a part of the car as a hairpin is of a woman. By day its bright paint, winking metal and its flashing gun-carriage wheels shod with their great grey tubes of air, add color to the streets; by night an eerie goblin with huge basilisk eyes, whose flaming gas rays spray the pavement with foaming silver, she steals through the streets uttering a long wolf howl or trumpeting briefly at the intersections, the chariot of the comfortably prosperous, and the stately equipage of the rich. All you have to do is press your foot on a pedal, move a lever that jolts and snaps, and you are off. Afterward you deal thoughtfully with three levers, two little ones on the top of the steering wheel, and a big one at your side, one pedal and sometimes the other side lever, which sets brakes that would hold you on the side of a house, and another tiny pedal which is called the accelerator, and you move. You can go anywhere over any kind of road or street, for the best of modern automobiles is a miracle on wheels. The rhythmic sewing-machine hum of the powerful motor working at only half its capacity, and the sighing of the exhaust issuing unseen from its pipe are the only sounds you hear. The automobile would be missed from the streets and the country-side more than the horse were men to be abruptly deprived of either. To the average man the workings of the automobile are clouded in mystery. The self-contained engine, with its valves, its spark-plugs or low-tension hammers and anvils, its heart the carburetter, its nerves of wires, the intake pipe its gullet, the waste pipe its intestine, its nerve-centre the magneto, its breathing lungs the cylinders—is a marvel of which he knows precious little.

* * *

FROM THE PIER

THE color of life is white, but sometimes we look at it through smoked glass. Bibi sits on a soiled cloth spread on the deck of her father's fishboat and looks at life through a haze of sun-singed fish smells. Her green velvet coat is very warm and very old. Her little hands stray unrestrained among the rubbish on the deck—orange peel, chips, bits of raw fish and scales. When she is happy she laughs, and when she wants anything she cries just like a white child. Bibi, you must see, is Japanese.

Mita, the little mother, sits at the edge

of the boat and fishes with pieces of raw beef. When she catches a wriggling little fish that glimmers in the sun she drops it into a tank in the bottom of the boat. There it swims about with other little silver things that wriggle in the dusty water. Later Fujita and Mita will use them to catch the red cod and other deepwater fish. Now Mita fishes and watches the sauce-pan resting on the open-topped tin box which creakes with the heat of the fire within. Sometimes she dips her hands into the boiling water and cleanses them of fish slime. Presently she will make tea with the water. Also she keeps one eye upon Bibi, who often grows tired of her shawl under the canvas awning. When Bibi crawls over the greasy deck Mita drops her line and rolls her back. She speaks to her in music talk, which singsongs the listener into far Japan.

Presently Fujita returns. He is a little man with black moustache, which is clipped evenly across his lips. When he grins his eyes slip into thin lines and his square teeth compel attention. Fujita has come back with two fish baskets carried by a Chinaman. The two examine the red cod, floating heads down in the latticed box which is fastened alongside the boat. The cod is a deep-sea fish, and when put into the surface-floats dies a death of lingering agony. When a fish dies so, the flesh is not fit for food, but neither Fujita nor Ah Sing, the Chinese fish buyer, cares about that. Ah Sing picks three cod and then the bargaining commences. Fujita asks fifteen cents apiece and Ah Sing offers him thirty for the three. The Jap smokes his pipe and looks at the mountains with great indifference. The Chinaman holds the money enticingly in the palm of his hand. He tinkles the coins and flashes them in the sunlight. "Thlaty cen. All lite, all lite? Uh?" he urges persuasively. Fujita merely shakes his head. The bargaining lasts for nearly an hour. Many times the Chinaman picks up his baskets and starts away, but he always comes back. Japs from the fishboats gather and give advice in words that are toned like pale amber glass hung from strings and tapped with steel.

When all the fish are sold Fujita begins to prepare his little sea-home for another journey. He unties the ropes which hold the sides of the fishbox and piles the boards on deck. Also he fills a box with the heads and tails of fish. These, too, will be used as bait. Then he scrubs the pier clean of blood and scales with a queer old mop like they use in the land of pictures from which he came.

Mita drops the last little fish into the tank just as the screw begins to kick the boat away from the friendly pier. For the first time she stands up and you notice how neat and dainty are her feet.

Bibi sits still on her little mat and watches the tails of the fishboats as her father guides his craft along the water laneway to the inlet. Bibi eyes the day and its things with a gaze that never winks. The smell of fish goes with her, but Bibi does not mind. She was born one night on English Bay in number 1638, which is the number of her father's boat. She is three years old, and for three years she has been partly nourished on a diet of air, for you must know that the harbor air is three parts fish and one part salt. That is, the air of the harbor life that Bibi knows. She will grow up with it and sometime she will sit with her own man and catch fish for bait from her own boat. Perhaps, too, another Bibi will sit upon a soiled cloth and look at life through the same warm light and harbor smells.

Skipper Gott's "Spot of Fish"

(*Continued from Page 187*)

many-angled question of the fishing rights of American fishermen on this coast. The dorymen were bating up trawl on the cluttered deck. They were glad of the fine weather. The low sun lighted the snow-headed mountains of Cape Scott with a bright splendor. A new life and a new joy came to me as I filled my lungs with the clean-washed morning.

The trawl is a long ground line, about the size of clothes-line rope, with short "gangin" lines hung on it. The big halibut hooks are bent onto the "gangins." The hooks are baited with herring. The ground line of the trawl is about 500 fathoms long and carries about 400 hooks. The trawl is not coiled down in a tub or a basket, as Eastern fishing traditions say it has always been coiled down since the first Gloucester fishing vessel brought the first quintals of fish from the banks of Newfoundland. But on the Pacific Coast, from Cape Flattery to Behring Sea, for a strange reason that no fisherman knows, or for no reason at all, it is coiled down and what you might call par-called in a "skate," or rather two "skates." A "skate" is a diamond of canvas shaped like the flat fish called a skate, with a rope's end rove into each clew. The coil of trawl is placed between the two, and tied with the rope's ends. The fishermen speak of "skates" of trawl or "skates" of gear. Each dory carries from six to eight "skates," and when the dories leave the ship these "skates" are all baited and ready to set.

Later in the day I had an opportunity to see all the hard and dangerous business of halibut fishing. As the pilot had promised, we "made a set" that afternoon. The captain thought he would try to get "a deck of fish" on the Cape Scott ground, before going farther north. At four bells in the afternoon watch the fishermen, all "oiled up," from sou'wester to rubber sea boots, stood by and the skipper rang off the engines. A winch ground its black gears, and the topmost dory leaped from the starboard nest, dangled a moment at the ends of the falls, then dropped over the side. Its two oilclothed dorymen soared into it like two huge yellow birds. I tumbled after them and fell among "skates" of gear, oars, rope sling nets, anchor roding and buoy-line in the middle. The dorymen grabbed the falls at bow and stern and unhooked them from the rope beckets with a movement as swift as machinery. The dory waltzed away in the white-churned wake astern, and immediately afterward we saw another dory spring from the nest, its crew plunging into it, unhooking with incredible swiftness, and the tipsy gravy-colored cockle-shell staggering off to leeward as the ship, which had lost very little way, left her astern. Prince, bowman in our dory, a great, hairy truck-horse of a Newfoundlander, broadbeamed with a long, honest big-boned face, rough as shark skin, and carbonadoed by the sun, struck the thole-pins in their holes with fingers which were themselves like thole-pins, grabbed a pair of oars and began to "buck" the dory to windward, standing up. He didn't like the look of the weather. "When the sun shines on the water like this, and scalds yer cheek like that, look out for an easterly, 'cause yer goin' ter git it," he said, as he shoved on the oars.

On account of the muscle-strength in Prince's tattooed arms, the reeling dory climbed over the short steep chop, and Munroe, his dory mate, son of a Gloucester skipper, heaved a trawl anchor and a keg buoy overboard and began to throw out the gear. I felt like a mischievous boy attempting to interfere with the work of grown men.

The buoy line is made fast to one end of the ground line of the long trawl, and the little trawl anchor is bent to the end of the ground line also. The trawl—the ground line with its hundreds of baited hooks—rests on the bed of the sea, for the halibut is a bottom-feeding fish. The buoy is thrown out from the dory, then the buoy line with the anchor, the trawl follows until the whole "skate" of gear is out, then another anchor is dropped, and the end of this anchor's roding stays in the dory. When the dorymen have "made their set," there is nothing to do but wait, there on the tossing sea, in the sloppy embrace of the choppy waves of Hecate Strait. We waited two

hours that morning before we began to haul. Munroe told a story about an Irishman, who went back to Ireland on a visit after years of "wurrkin' on thay raleroad" in America. When he reached the old country he wrote back to his wife in Chicago that "the first land we seen was a little brig from Donegal." Munroe is a humorist. Prince, a man from a storm-battered northern coast where the lives of the people are hidden human tragedies, has a serious mind in which the shadows lie as dark as in the deep gashes of the Newfoundland coast cliffs, and he loves stories of wreck and disaster and hard sea times. The sea creeps to the very doors of the little village where he was born in Newfoundland, a village in which everyone bears the name of Prince, and all are committed from birth to the wet toil of the sea. The coast dwellers do all have grave minds, and are "queer"—it is often said that the din of the sea beats strange notions into their heads. Prince told a sea tale about one of the many ships he has been in, getting ashore on a mother-forgotten coast one terrible winter night of blinding, frozen snow and shouting wind and great, hammering, crushing waves. At daybreak only her masts told the story to the watchful beach patrol, and to the tiny black specks half-frozen in the rigging a rescuing line was fired. Slowly and painfully Prince and his shipmates hauled the big hawser aboard and made it fast, but in some way it got inextricably fouled in the tangling gear. With numb and bleeding fingers they succeeded in cutting it away, and without tools they put in a long splice, and from their precarious perch they were taken in the breeches buoy just before the last of the fabric had been swept away. The Manhattan is rife with tales like this.

It was about 9 a.m. when we began to haul the trawl. We had set three "skates." The weather was still fine, and the sun swept the white-capped straits with splendid light. The surf painted a flashing band of silver on the elemental shore, dark with forests, and behind it sloped up great mountains head-dressed with shining snows. This I saw through my glasses; I want it understood that we were well outside the three-mile limit. In a long line we could see the other eleven dories, nodding their heads to the sea. Prince, in the bow, began to work the "gurdey," the trawl windlass, and Munroe, wearing the "nippers" on his fingers, stands back-bent over the rope sling net, spread in the midship section of the dory, and as the ground line comes up through the fair-leader of the "gurdey" and over its roller, he frees the "gangins" and hoists in the big slab-like halibut, stuns them with a blow of the "gobstick" and slats them off the hook onto the net, and coils down the trawl. Other fish come up from the floor of the sea besides halibut—grey cod, black cod, ling cod, skate, dogfish, red cod, sometimes a ground shark, big and ugly-looking. Slowly the "gurdey" revolves, dragging up the trawl from the bottom. Coral branches, Chatham spiders and strange under-sea vegetation, come up sticking to the ground line, or caught on the hooks. The bottom is covered with stick-fish, weird details of zoology, resembling a walking stick, or a schoolmaster's pointer, more than anything else. Soon the net was heaped with fish, and the trawl not half hauled.

The pains and unheavals of seasickness did not visit me that morning of wonderful brightness and vivid sea-freshness, though the motion of the dory was like the blithe waltz of some free and careless sprite. Munroe told of hard days of winter fishing, when in the unsunned December mornings the dories must be broken out of the ice and numbed fingers haul endless trawls over icy gunwales. Grey rain and greyer mist, blinding snow squalls, a heavy sea make more dangerous the northern rock-infested waters of tide-rips, fierce currents, perilous shoals and narrow passes, badly charted and badly lighted, where the halibut steamers have to adventure themselves to get fish in winter. Alaskan winter weather makes dory work perilous indeed, and the fishing vessels lose men frequently in the months between November and May.

When we got the last of the trawl we had a load of fish; the dory was deep and logy in the nasty sea, and very difficult to handle. We hoisted an oar for a signal, and the ship ran down to us, sent down a fall from one of the forward derrick booms, and took the big net like a giant purse filled with great fish on board. I scrambled clumsily over the steamer's rail, the two

dorymen swung themselves with brisk agility, and the empty dory was hoisted on deck aft.

I stepped ashore with my mind full of crowding impressions; of these space is left in which to accent only a few. Smudges of color, like pictures on a too-rapidly revolving ribbon; the dim shapes of dories with sprit-sails set, in the grey haze on the sea; clumsy-gaited figures in great rubber boots with red soles, slouching about the deck; a broad expanse of sea and sky empty save for the sails of the fishing schooner, hove to with the indolent indifferent air of a vessel at sea bound nowhere; nimble fingers picking at a seemingly inextricable snarl and tangle of trawl; the captain's face as he bent over the lead, a face on which I fancied I saw that sixth sense that enables a fisherman to use the lead as an eye anywhere in soundings; the strong morning light on the wet gun'ls and thwarts of the dory in which I sat, losing the blue line of the land when the dory slid into the hollow of the sea; the splash of the "kag" or trawl-buoy, and the "killick," the trawl anchor, after it; the long trawl running out smoothly from the maze of line and hooks in the "skate"; the fascinating lottery of hauling a trawl; great, sluggish halibut and cod; goggle-eyed skates like Japanese kites; loathsome sculpin, silver-bellied dogfish (these last are really small sharks, and the dorymen slat them viciously over the side when they get them. They will follow a dory and eat the fish off the trawl.) I have memory-pictures of snowy, silent mountains; the short, stubbly chop of the straits; the wet, slippery fish piled on the deck; the galley table with its steaming fragrant messes of beef, pork, potatoes, beans, puddings and pies, and the broad, bright face of the sunny-natured cook, whom the men called "Doctor" (an old sea name for a ship's cook); silver sails of Seattle sloops between the sea foam and the sun; the surge of the black sea at night and the dark waves crisped with white; the endless games of cribbage in the men's cabin, and a cribbage story told by one of the Gloucester men. Two Gloucester fishermen spoke each other on the Banks, and their skippers were old friends and cribbage antagonists. "What latitude have you got, cousin?" sung out one, who had spoken the other to get his position. "Fifteen-two," answered the other skipper, joshing him. "Take 2 for his nobs," was the quick reply, in cribbage language. The great thing on board the Manhattan is the "mug-up." A "mug-up" on board a fishing vessel is a casual, any-old-time-whenever-you-feel-like-it lunch. Go to the galley and help yourself, that is a "mug-up," and some of the men, with wonderful sea appetites, "mug-up" a good many times a day.

Saint Mary's Lake

By ERNEST McGAFFEY

Saint Mary's, with her bannered heights,
Her limpid curves, her beauty's prime,
Stands ringed about with days and nights
As young as Youth, as old as Time.

Against the skies' o'er-arching dome
Her waters bask as smooth as glass,
Where edged with evanescent foam
The wind-spun ripples veer and pass.

To wait aloof on wooded steeps
And mark Saint Mary's pebbled floors,
With gold and green amid her deeps
And green and gold along her shores:

To look beyond brown rushes lone
Where blended with the shadows dim,
Like specks upon a canvas thrown,
The penciled forms of wild-fowl swim:

Is what the idlest dreamer sees
Half steeped in pools of bluish haze,
While touched with hint of wandering breeze
Unfolds before his listless gaze.

A vision of impending woods,
With yellow-scarlet fires agleam,
The Artist-trace of Autumn moods
On Nature's lavish color-scheme.

And slim young trees in colors bright
That through the groves hold carnival,
In sylvan maze of motley flight
With tipsy vine-shapes, bacchanal.

While fraught with sound of liquid themes
A distant music seems to be,
Of rills that murmuring meet the streams,
Of streams that singing seek the sea.

Aye! many a year when I am gone,
Around Saint Mary's shore will twine
The miracles of dusk and dawn,
The changing webs of shade and shine.

And who shall read her hidden page?
Whate'er his sect be, creed, or school?
All one the scholar, saint and sage,
The dunce, the blockhead and the fool.

Who carved this space among the hills?
Who wrought the wave and arched the blue?
Who wove the currents of the rills?
And Echo, listening, answers "Who"?

And I, that hold no opening key
To solve the blank 'twixt star and clod,
Stand on Saint Mary's heights and see
How small is man, how vast is God.

Steveston, the "Iron Chink" and the Fraser River Salmon

(*Continued from Page 194*)

the pink formation of the dawn on the eastern sky, chromatic harmonies running together like wet dyes, lavender, carmine and purple—the wings of the morning. Then a great volume of golden gas, pure sun's blood, abolished these and set the east aflame. The great sun leaped up through the golden fumes, and we could see Steveston and its canneries doomed to become the property of the Japanese as plainly as if they had been done on paper by a mechanical draughtsman.

Later in the day a wind that took life seriously came brushing in from the Gulf of Georgia and the little boat spent some hours crawling sloppily to the peak of one waterhill after another and falling sloppily into one wet valley after another, the big gulf heaving its great shoulders to swamp us. When the net was hauled in, forty gill-caught sockeyes came with it. A good day's fishing.

The wildest forecast of things hidden in the cloudy future would not have seemed more incredible to our ancestors than the prophecy that fish caught in the far-away Pacific ocean would one day be served fresh and in prime condition six thousand miles away in London within three weeks of the time when they were alive in their native waters.

None of the great industries of men shows less departure from the primitive methods of a hundred or even a thousand years ago than does fishing. Lines, baited hooks and nets have been in use since time beyond the reach of memory, record or tradition, blurred by immemorial mists; the present-day methods are not very different from those of the time of Christ, when a certain fisherman named Simon, who had toiled with his boat-puller all the night and had taken nothing, let down his net at the word of Jesus and enclosed a great multitude of fishes, so many that the net broke. Toil of men in boats it has always been, danger, hardship and the will of the sea. Even the methods of curing by smoke, salt and sunshine have changed little in hundreds of years. The cod of Newfoundland are cured now for the most part as they were in the beginning. But the salmon cannerymen of the Pacific coast have devised new methods characteristic of the western spirit of enterprise. Since the white man rose like a flood over the west, and the Indian was drowned in the flood, the unclogged wheels of progress have moved ever forward. The Indian's methods were not good enough; the white man's fishing kept step with the full tide of other development. The white man reduced a primitive industry to exact business standards. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, has fishing, and especially the care of the products of the fisheries, reached such a state of development as here; nowhere has machinery been introduced to such an extent; nowhere has the world-old uncertainty of the industry, the element of "fisherman's luck" been so far eliminated. The luck of the salmon-fisher, however, is not entirely the result of his enterprise and expediency. Nature has countenanced him with a variety of fish, not only of superior quality as a food product, but having certain peculiar habits of life which make a highly organized system of fishing possible. The salmon, though not, as commonly thought, a salmon at all, being no more closely related to the European species and the salmon of eastern waters than a dog is related to a fox, has the life-habits, in common with the shad and other fish, of feeding and attaining its maturity in the sea, and then ascending the rivers to lay its eggs, its offspring being always born in fresh water.

Each year, therefore, great runs or schools of fish swim upward from the sea into the rivers on their way to the spawning beds. The fishers have only to set their nets and traps in the well-known courses of the schools near the river mouths or in the rivers themselves and they are sure of a catch. The only element of uncertainty, indeed, is in the size of the runs; the fish come up as regularly as the seasons, but there are years

of small runs, so that the production varies, but not much more so than the wheat crop.

The American cannerymen take advantage of the way America is divided into two parts and of the great impulse of the four-year-old salmon to return to the unsalted waters in which it was born. Each fish in the great sockeye herd that comes nosing into the Strait of Juan de Fuca from its unknown feeding grounds in the wine-dark sea has in its brain a chart of the Fraser River, and is following that chart. On account of the contours of this part of the Pacific coast the majority of the salmon first touch American territory. The Washington state canners fall upon the homing herd in their own waters and spread devastation among the fish. What the American papers call their enterprise and energy practically loots six or seven million dollars a year from British Columbia. They have little respect for close-season regulations. They seem to care nothing about the conservation of the fish. They are as improvident as the Indians, whose ancient fishing places they have usurped. A majority of the sockeyes annually taken are secured by them, and it is evident that, under existing conditions, the sockeye salmon of the Fraser can not be maintained by protecting them in Canadian waters only, and that the industry will be destroyed unless the fish are given the same protection in American waters as in ours.

It is by the use of great fish-traps recklessly in season and out of season that the Washington state canneries capture enormous numbers of sockeyes without regard to consequences affecting the future of the salmon industry. It was not until 1905 that the Dominion Government permitted the British Columbia canneries to use salmon traps, and then only within three miles of the mouth of a navigable river or within half a mile of the mouth of a salmon river. The first traps used in British Columbia were located on Boundary Bay, inside of Point Roberts, and on the southern shore of Vancouver Island, between Victoria and Otter Point. A large percentage of their catch is spring salmon, which is mild-salted for the German market. The Canadian fish-traps are subject to regulations which are strictly observed by their owners, in marked contrast with those on Puget Sound.

The salmon trap is a device which takes the fish with a certainty and cheapness unknown to the older methods. It consists simply of webbing, hundreds of feet long, strung on piles driven into the bottom of the stream across the course of the fish, but only in shallow bays or near the shore where the water is not too deep. Upon reaching this impassable net the fish naturally nose along toward the end seeking to get by, their heads always against the flow of the tide, and thus enter the narrow channel of webbing which leads into the trap proper, a heart-shaped or circular enclosure of piling some twenty feet in diameter and containing a bag-like net as big as the enclosure, and reaching to the bottom of the stream. Here, if the run is large and the trap-site has been carefully chosen the fish crowd in, often filling the net in a solid mass, those at the top being forced out of water. In Puget Sound in 1901, the year of the run greater than in any previous year since the canning industry was established, with the possible exception of 1897, one trap impounded ninety thousand sockeyes at a single setting, a weight of three hundred and fifteen tons.

The sockeyes, the most delicious and desirable fish probably that is of any importance as a commercial commodity, looking for spawning beds about the middle of July, came thrusting in from somewhere 'way out in mid-Pacific, perhaps—no man knows where their country is in the uncharted deeps of the sea. They circle around the north and south ends of Vancouver Island and either meet their fate in the arms of the waiting traps or the dim-threaded meshes of the swaying nets, or escape to swim for hundreds, even more than a thousand miles, against the current all the way, leaping falls and breasting wild rapids, taking no food after they enter fresh water, and finally reaching their spawning grounds, there to sacrifice life in giving forth the eggs necessary for the production of life. Years ago he had none but his natural enemies to cope with, the Indians with their primitive methods being unable to make any impression on his numbers. Then truly was the Fraser River the greatest salmon river in the world. Annually its waters were alive with the fish, so much so that there are legends that it was possible to walk from bank to bank on their backs. With the coming of the white men, the establishment of canneries, the introduction of traps and the great increase in

the number of fishermen, the sockeye family has been sadly depleted.

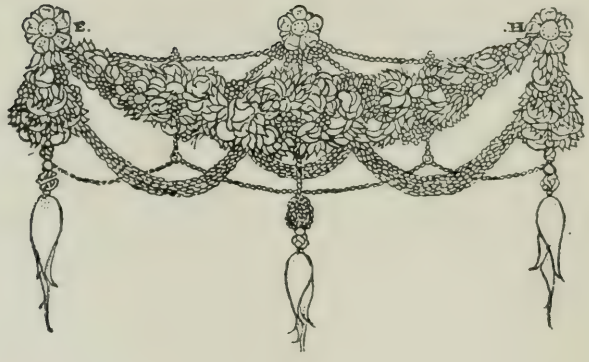
While it is true that there was fishing for packing purposes in the Columbia River as far back as 1866, the industry attained no prominence except in that river until 1876 and 1878, when the fisheries in Puget Sound, British Columbia and Alaska were opened, at first modestly and in an experimental way. The great growth did not begin until 1886; but since that time the expansion in the business has been well-nigh incredible, the sockeye pack of both the British Columbia and American waters of the Fraser River district alone making a total of 1,572,323 cases in 1909. The catch in American waters of sockeye running to the Fraser River was 40 per cent. greater than the pack made at the canneries on the Fraser River.

Last year—one of the seasons of comparatively light pack on the Fraser River—the total value of the salmon pack of British Columbia was $4,200,000. In this valuation no account is taken of mild-cured salmon to the value of $200,000 exported to New York and Germany, or of frozen salmon to the value of $100,000 shipped to Eastern Canada and Great Britain.

The total pack of sockeye salmon in British Columbia last year amounted to 549,000 cases, valued at $3,750,000. The pack of other varieties of salmon was worth approximately $450,000, bringing the total value of the aggregate pack of canned salmon to $4,200,000.

Of sockeye salmon the total pack was distributed as follows: Skeena River, 180,000 cases; Fraser River, 145,000 cases; Rivers Inlet, 124,000 cases; outlying districts, 70,000 cases; and Naas River, 30,000 cases.

This compares with the sockeye pack of 1909—the year of the last big run on the Fraser River—as follows: Total sockeye pack of the province, 840,441 cases, distributed as follows: Skeena River, 87,901 cases; Fraser River, 542,248 cases; Rivers Inlet, 89,027 cases; outlying districts, 93,019 cases; and Naas River, 28,246 cases.



Nanaimo and the Herring Industry

HERRING are caught on almost every part of the British Columbia coast. Those in the most southerly areas, while incredibly plentiful, are of smaller size than the less abundant schools of the north, where the herring reach a size almost equalling the large Labrador herring. The principal centre of the industry is Nanaimo, the total catch at that point last season, 1909-10, being 56,000,000 pounds, or 28,000 tons. The herring fishing industry in Nanaimo was started by James Brown in 1896, who during that season caught 100 tons of fish, these being cured in the form of bloaters and kippers, his market being Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle. The following year Brown shipped herring to Australia, but the venture did not prove a success, and the experiment was discontinued. In 1900 he sold out his business to J. Foreman, who in turn sold out to Jarvis. Up to this time the herring, apart from the small demand necessary to supply the local markets, were practically unutilized, excepting for halibut fishing bait and guano. The Indians collected quantities of herring spawn which they dried and used for food called "skoc." They adopted the device of placing cedar boughs on the shallow spawning grounds, and to these boughs the herring attached their glutinous ova.

The herring, which crowd into shallow bays and harbors, as a rule deteriorate with the advancing season, the first captures being the best in quality. It is during the first two months of the season, viz., December and January, that the best herring are caught. The most esteemed herring are the so-called matties or "matjes," in which the roe and milt are only partly developed, while the "full" herring with the roe larger and fully formed, but not fat, are also in great request. There are many methods of putting up herring, but the greatest demand is for the salted fish in pickle—these being mainly used by the Russians—and the "dry salt," which article is a delicacy with the Chinese and Japanese. In 1903 the export of the latter article to Japan was 793 tons, the firm of Makino being the first to engage in this branch of the herring-fishing industry.

The real foundation of the herring-fishing industry in Nanaimo was laid in 1905, when Mr. James Cowle, a Scottish herring expert, assisted by some "lassies" from Scotland, skilled in the art of handling fish, gave demonstrations of improved methods in packing and curing, with such good results that within a month the Nanaimo Fisheries Company shipped a carload of its famous pickled herring to New York, the shipment, some 150 barrels in all, or approximately 50,000 pounds, being taken by steamer to Vancouver and loaded on trains there for the east.

It was during the early part of November, 1905, that Mr. Cowie, Mr. Cumming, the Scotch cooper, and three girls landed at Nanaimo, at which time two local firms were engaged in herring curing.

When in the middle of December the herring came in large numbers the local curing establishments were visited by the curing experts, where practical lessons in gutting, packing, salting and filling up were given to the staffs of the curers each day on which herring were to be had. The expert staff filled in all thirty-two barrels and 234 half-barrels in their demonstration of the Scotch method.

An extraordinary interest was shown in the work of the staff, not only by Nanaimo people, but by representatives of most of the salmon packing companies of the Fraser River as well, some of whom donned overalls and went to work gutting and packing in company with the girls.

The method adopted of curing herring is as follows: As soon as the fresh herring is discharged from the boats they are sprinkled with salt, gutted with a clean, sharp knife, cutting just below the two upper fins, and the roe or milt left in the fish. The fish

are then graded into two classes—"full" and "medium." The "full" herring consists of herring of not less than 10½ inches in length and the "medium' not less than 9½ inches. As the fish are gutted they are put into a tub, or any other suitable receptacle, and thoroughly turned over and mixed with salt, allowing as much salt to stick to each herring as possible. After being thoroughly roused the herring are then lifted from the "rousing tub" and packed in tiers in the barrels. In packing, the fish are placed back down, kept close together, using three herring to stretch across the barrel. When this tier has been completed two herring are placed on their sides, over the heads of the herring in the tiers, with their tails crossed and their back next the staves. The whole tier is then salted and the next tier packed across the one below it, and so on until the barrel is packed full, each tier being salted separately, the gutting and packing taking place simultaneously, as much salt being placed on each tier as will nearly hide the bellies of the fish in the tier. Several days after having been packed the herring will sink two or three inches in the barrel. When this sinking has taken place the barrel is filled up with herring of the same day's catch, a little salt being added to the herring used in filling up, the head of the barrel put in and made tight.

On the twelfth day, counting the day of first packing, a bunghole is made in the side of the barrel, about three inches below the center—that is, nearest the bottom end—the barrel up-ended and the head taken out. The bung is then taken out and the pickle drained off as far down as the bunghole. It will now be found that the barrel will take from two to three more tiers of herring to complete it. This is done by taking herring of the same day's pack and grade, and packing them as before until the space is filled up, this time filling the barrel so that the top tier is flush with the chime, after which the head is pressed in and made perfectly tight; then as much of the original pickle as the barrel will now take is inserted through the bung-hole, the herring used in the final filling-up being washed in pickle and very slightly sprinkled with salt when in the tiers.

The fishermen engaged in the actual catching of the fish are paid a figure in accordance with the quantity of herring available, the contract price during the past season being $1.60 a ton. Fishing operations are particularly interesting. Two large-sized boats, capable of carrying about five tons, work together, and have a crew of from six to eight men each. Each boat carries one-half of the seine, which is a closely woven net, 600 feet long, and ranging in depth from fifteen to thirty fathoms. The boats are kept close together. They move along side by side and are rowed by three or four of a crew. In front of them at a distance of about forty yards is an ordinary small rowboat holding two men, which is propelled by one of them in a leisurely manner, while the other endeavors to locate the school of fish. For this purpose he is equipped with an ordinary fishing line to the end of which is attached a small lead sinker, which he trails over the end of the boat. When the sinker attached to the line is trailed over a school of herring the fish naturally come into contact with the dangling line and the slight twitching of the latter as a result of the contact is information to the "pilot boat" that fish are beneath it. The signal is immediately passed to the fishing boats in the rear to make a cast. When the word to cast is given the two large boats sweep out in a half circle, a man in the bow of each boat paying out the seine as rapidly as possible. To the bottom of the seine are attached weights which pull the net down into an upright wall, the top of the net being kept on the surface by small pieces of cork fastened a foot apart. The object is to cast the net in such a manner that a wall of 75 to 100 feet or more in depth is spread about the school of fish, and by bringing the boats together after having completed the half circle, the net becomes nothing more or less than a huge kraal, in which the fish are as securely caught as though already landed in the boats. Long lines are attached to the bottom of the seines and it is upon these that the first pull is made. As soon as the boats are drawn together the fishermen commence to pull on these lines, with the result that the bottom of the net is dragged in, leaving a huge bowl, in which are imprisoned the fish with the netting around and beneath them. The only opening up in the net is at the surface from which the fish are

scooped into the boats, and thence taken to the salteries.

The growth of the herring fishing industry in Nanaimo Harbor and adjacent waters has been very rapid, especially during the past five years. In 1905-6 there were six firms engaged in the business with a total amount of capital invested of $9,000; number of hands employed, 150; total catch for the season, 2,043,000 pounds, of which total 1,881,500 pounds were dry salted or sold as bait to the halibut fishers, and the remainder, 162,000 pounds, put up as kippers and bloaters.

In 1906-7 the number of firms had increased to thirteen; number of hands employed, 300; total catch of the season, 4,413,650 pounds, valued at $228,890; amount of capital invested, $42,500.

The season of 1907-8 witnessed an increase in the number of firms engaged in the fisheries from thirteen to nineteen, with capital invested amounting to $70,000, the total catch for the season being 18,870,000 pounds, of which total only 70,000 pounds were put up in the form of kippers and bloaters. The number of hands employed in the industry was 500.

The season of 1908-9 witnessed the greatest development in the herring fisheries, the total catch of the season being more than double that of the previous year.

The catch of 1908-9 amounted to 43,300,000 pounds, of which total over 20,000 tons were shipped to the Orient, principally Shanghai and Kobe. The amount of capital invested in the industry this season was estimated at $80,000, and number of hands employed at 750.

The extraordinary output of the season of 1908-9 and the successful result of the year's operations had the effect of inducing a number of other firms to enter the industry, and the summer of 1909 witnessed the building of salteries on a scale never before attempted. On the opening of the fishing season in the early part of December, forty-three firms were ready to commence operations, whereas the number of establishments in operation at the end of the previous season was only twenty-three, an increase in the one year of twenty firms. This increase in the number of those engaged in the fishing naturally had its effect in the quantity of fish caught, which for the season of 1909-10 amounted to no less than 56,000,000 pounds, or 28,000 tons, an increase over that of the previous year of over 13,000,000 pounds, and constituting the highwater-mark output in the history of the herring-fishing industry in Nanaimo waters. The amount of capital invested in the industry at the present time is estimated at $215,000. The cost of constructing a saltery is placed at $3,000, including the driving of piles, cost of lumber, tanks, etc. Add to this the cost of seines, fishing boats, launches and scows, salt, and the average cost of a camp is placed at $5,000, a total for the forty-three camps of $215,000.

Pieces of Eight

"IN THE EARTH BENEATH"

THE real human story of the coal miner is told on the doorsteps of Nanaimo and Ladysmith when the women talk together in the summer evenings, but to get a character-portrait of the miner you have to go down into a mine and see him at his day's work. On the east side of Vancouver Island, where the woods that stooped to the shore have been cleared away to make room for a village, in the hill that lays a shadow on the village and sends out spar-like tree-limbs to catch the afternoon shadows from the mountains behind, is a huge hole, and into this hole wash breakers of light to beat on the shores of darkness inside. It is the mouth of a tunnel a mile long, driven into the hill in the rock to a great coal seam. If you follow the tunnel it will lead you to another country. The tunnel is one of the entrances to the black catacombs of a coal mine. The most different thing about this country is that there is no sun's blood in its man-dug caverns and streets of coal, and the climatic conditions are always the same in winter and in summer. We walked in from the tunnel's black mouth until the lights we carried washed out the outlines of a lean mule drawing some empty cars into the mine. The lights were covered with wire cloth, for if naked lights were taken into this mine it might flare up like the head of an enormous match. A drab-handed bratticeman with his hatchet and bucket of nails, a horse-faced Welsh miner with a pick, and a strong stream of air pouring in from the main tunnel went with us. Our crude shadows slopped waterily ahead of us. Our eyes drilled through the darkness and photographed a well-timbered working, moist with the mine's humidity; miners loading cars with coal, the moving light washing over them, making them look like men in a motion picture; the level-driver kneeling beside his mule, examining one of its legs which was lame, his "trip" of empty and half-loaded cars shading off into blackness. The pioneering lights floated on slicken-sided face-coal, lunch buckets, powder cans and tools of all mining kinds as we went deeper into the mine, and came to where more shots had been fired and more men were loading the shattered coal into more cars. Here we asked questions and found what a simple business coal mining is. The coal seam lay, so they told me, between shale and sand, like the meat in a sandwich. Underneath it was the rock. The coal of this mine is of an excellent quality, approaching very close in merits to the eastern anthracite. In the roof-coal, or in the face-coal, a hole is drilled from twenty to thirty inches deep, a stick of giant powder is placed in the hole, which is then tamped, or should be tamped with clay or shale. It is very dangerous to use coal or coal dust for tamping shot-holes, but the careless miners frequently invite death in this way. The shot is fired by fuse, which is supposed to be lighted by a shot-lighter, and at a time when the gas in the mine is sufficiently diluted with air to make shot-firing safe. The Coal Mines Regulation Act forbids miners to light fuses, but the miners sometimes do not wait for the shot-lighter to come around. The shot, if it does its work well, drops a great amount of coal, which is loaded into cars and taken out of the mine. We went farther into the deepness, through chambered and pillared workings, damp with the condensed humidity of the mine, round right-angle turns, down slopes and through cross-cuts and narrow corridors until we had lost ourselves. The mine plan is as incomprehensible as a buried-treasure chart or a blue-print of the Cretan Maze.

TRADE AND ROMANCE

THERE walk no ships on any ocean that see more of the ports of romance and the coasts of story than those that sail under the blue houseflag with the white diamond in the centre. The Chinese characters on a Blue Funnel liner's bow tug at your imagination, suggesting trade's romance, the ancient spirit of commerce, caravan routes, aromatic bazaars and the caravansaries of Marco Polo's history, still the same as they used to be like nearly everything else in medieval-twilighted China, the atmosphere of whose markets is reproduced in little in the dock warehouses of Victoria and Vancouver, where reach toward the roof the piled tea chests, bales and cases wrapped in matting, tied with grass rope and covered with Chinese characters nearly like picture-writing.

* * *

"COLOR"

THERE are few cities anywhere positioned on "the beached margent of the sea" where there is more material for artist and story-teller than in Vancouver and Victoria. You may see a French sea-faring man with a red cap, a belt with a sheath-knife, bare feet, a picture of the Holy Virgin tattooed on his hairy chest, and brass earrings; Chinese girls in picture-book costumes, with complexions like fire burning under ashes; Sikhs dark as charcoal sketches, with silk nets drawn over their coal-colored beards and held by strings looped around their ears; Japanese women whose faces are made of wax and fire; a negro ship's cook with a wooden leg; grimacing Japanese coolies; Coast Indians with faces as grotesque as the carvings on their own totem poles; Swede loggers with silver earrings and mackinaw jackets, make patterns in the moving life of the streets.

* * *

PUNGENT CARGOES AND RICH FREIGHTS

THE flag of romance flies above the docks in Victoria and Vancouver, where are unloaded aromatic cargoes of tea, silk and spices from strange ports. And in Vancouver, the end of the steel backbone of the mightiest worldscape there is, where the railroad yards and docks overlap, you can hear tales of both land and sea, stories of the railroad and the ships. The docks and the terminal yards are good places to study the heraldry of transportation in the houseflags of shipping companies and the insignia which railroads paint on the sides of freight cars. The various weather-faded houseflags of twenty steamship lines and boxcars with the emblems of every railroad in Canada and the United States may be seen on Burrard Inlet.

* * *

HISTORICAL

VANCOUVER, whose building record for the first two months of this year is greater by one million five hundred thousand dollars than that of Seattle for the same period, will be twenty-five years old in June. Vancouver has made history very fast in the few years of her wonderful development. That history has been illuminated by incidents as dramatic as fiction. This story of Vancouver's growth will be told in the June number of the *British Columbia Magazine*. A most earnest effort will be made to give this quarter-centenary number of the *British Columbia Magazine* the strongest and fullest possible historical, descriptive and pictorial quality, and to make it an accurate and extremely valuable record of Vancouver's wonderful twenty-five years. This commemorative number will be more important in aim and scope than anything of the kind ever planned in Canada, and in magazine quality it will equal the best efforts of magazine publishers anywhere. It will reproduce a great amount of history yet unwritten, and many of the illustrations will be from photographs never before brought to light. In putting into more or less permanent form this history of the most interesting modern instance of city building, the writers of the articles in the June number of the *British Columbia Magazine* have performed a great service to the citizens of Vancouver and to readers everywhere. Besides the human

interest and the history there are useful lessons in this chronicle of how a city of Vancouver's size was made in twenty-five years. To the student of economic, commercial and civic conditions Vancouver supplies an example of progress and quick development which is at first perplexing, then, as comprehension comes, simple though amazing.

* * *

"SHADOWS BEFORE"

THE Made-in-Canada Fair is a good business proposition, as well as the celebration of a great event, and should get solid encouragement from all Vancouver people. Sniffy folks, who were doubtful about the thing at first, are now getting into line. Probably no city in America has, in three progressive epochs, stepped forward as fast as Vancouver within the last twenty-five years, coming up from some acres of smoking ruins less than nothing to a clean-built, handsome, modern city, in which prosperity is the dominant note, and for which the generous gods have on their laps a tremendous future. The twenty-fifth birthday of such a city is an event of enormous importance. The Made-in-Canada Fair will be made big enough to fit the occasion. Also its benevolent objects should not be forgotten. Think it over.

* * *

WRONG AGAIN

"THE only way to keep Canada English is for the English to move to Canada," says an English paper, "but the English are not wanted." This is wrong. The English are wanted. But we do not want an English Canada. Canadians hate the word colony. Canada is a country, not a colony. And Canada's mental horizon about the Imperial Idea is bigger than England's. There will be a greater British Empire, and it will be governed from Canada. British Columbia will be its centre. There is no danger of annexation or absorption. There is not enough sentiment in favor of annexation in Canada to put one patch the size of a shilling on Uncle Sam's ragged shirt.

* * *

THE SONG IN THE RAIN

BEFORE the birds of richer voice are heard the unobtrusive song-sparrow sings his modest lyric. He is a materialist indeed who cannot enjoy this small spring song. To the city inhabitant it is often as if he had encountered a ghost from his past. Many men were familiar with this trickle of song when they were boys on farms "back east." Though of the cheeriest disposition and always filled with the friendliest feeling toward his neighbors, the song-sparrow is a hermit in his little gray way, living alone in his home acre, and towards the end of July he becomes as silent as a trappist, forgetting his song.

Vancouver Quarter-Centenary Number British Columbia Magazine

ON June 16, 1911, Vancouver will be a quarter of a century old. People still young can remember the morning after the great fire of June 14, 1886, when all there was left of Vancouver was a townsite and a vision of greatness—two things that were fireproof. The vision has been realized. The vision has found its fulfilment in the present Vancouver, the western commercial capital of Canada, one of the four most important Canadian cities. In twenty-five years incredible industry, enterprise and activity, geographical conditions and a transcontinental railway have made a city with one hundred and twenty-five thousand people and a future beyond the arithmetic of fancy. Naturally the twenty-five years are packed with history and illuminating human interest.

* * * * * *

This story of Vancouver's growth, from the time it was a townsite without a town, will be told in the JUNE NUMBER OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE. This number of the magazine will contain over one hundred and fifty pages of reading matter, dedicated entirely to fact stories reproducing the history of Vancouver, the record of one of the most interesting modern instances of city building and articles descriptive of present-day Vancouver from every angle. The magazine will be illustrated by over one hundred reproductions of photographs, many of which are pictures taken in the city's early days and have never before been brought to light.

* * * * * *

THE JUNE NUMBER WILL BE as fine an example of magazine-making as it is possible to produce in Canada. It will have a cover reproduced in colors. It will be printed on coated and supercalendered paper. It will have the character of a souvenir, a memento of ripest interest of Vancouver's quarter-centenary. History enlivened with human interest, character-portraits of men and women associated with Vancouver's growth and development, entertaining articles describing the evolution of Vancouver's schools,

fire brigade, police force, etc.; splendid articles descriptive of commercial, industrial, municipal and outdoor Vancouver will give enormous interest to the June number of the BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE.

* * * * * *

It will fully cover the city's business, civic, religious and social life—past and present. It will show that Vancouver is not a town with a boom, but stands on the basic business idea of soundness. It will contain conservative forecasts of Vancouver's future. It will be of sterling worth as a souvenir of the city's twenty-fifth birthday. It will exhaust every source of first-hand knowledge of the city's early days.

* * * * * *

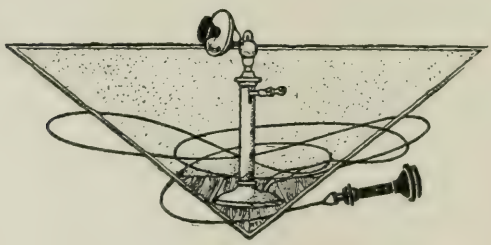
It will look back through the mist of the past to the first settlement of white men on Burrard Inlet. It will describe the fire. There will be an article on the history of journalism in Vancouver. Land and water transportation, the harbor and shipping, the railways, etc., the British Columbia Electric Railway, the British Columbia Telephone Company, the Vancouver Board of Trade, the Tourist Association, hospitals, associations, societies, clubs, sports, outdoor life, the city's manufactures, schools and colleges, the local color and atmosphere will be dealt with thoroughly.

* * * * * *

REMEMBER this will all appear in the June number of THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE, and will advertise to the rest of Canada and the world in general Vancouver's tremendous growth and appealing history, together with the many and various opportunities which Greater Vancouver offers to the SETTLER, BUSINESS MAN, INVESTOR AND CAPITALIST.

Remember, it will all appear in

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE



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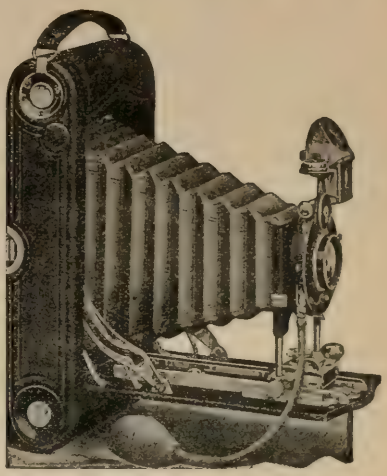

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The Street of the Lanterns

THE only one of the lower animals Victoria's Chinese do not eat is the cat. I asked a Government street meat seller why. It seems that it is not, as you might think, because the cat is a somewhat unpalatable animal. Fuey Tow, the meat seller, answered thus: "Yo assa me vay many queshuns 'bout meat in dissa shop, lika dis, lika dat. I showa yo. I doan' spek Ingerlish vay we. I tay yo. No eat cat. Dissa cat jussa semma lika tiger." And Fuey, with a gesture expressive of extreme ennui, turned away to serve a customer who immediately started to bargain in sing-song Cantonese, haggling about the price of a fat puppy. Fuey Tow sells dogs and rats fed and fattened by himself, and he does a good business. It was noon in Government street, and that street of many odors was filled with savory vapors from Chinese cook pots. As a setting for these culinary smells the atmosphere was heavy with the mingled odors of incense, joss sticks, opium and wood smoke. I knew I could get nothing more out of the fat, sleek, pot-bellied Fuey, for in nervous English I had "made him tired," so having my nerve with me, I made my way into a baker's shop, but the baker pretended that he knew no English. In his shop I saw nothing corresponding to our western loaf. There were trays and slabs piled with many kinds of cakes and confections, strange, soddened and bilious looking; solid-looking little yellow cookies, flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; pancakes of fried batter; sugary-looking biscuits, clay-colored things like doughnuts. The baker was a small Cantonese with a fuzzy cue like the tail of an excited cat, and lemon-colored skin. I left him scratching his head, and walked down the street. The shop windows of Government street are filled with color. Black and brown lacquered work cabinets, metal bound; ebony tables inlaid with ivory, marble and mother-of-pearl; deep blue and maroon-colored pots, grey and gold ware, yellow and green; gold dragons embroidered on black satin gowns, blue and silver wraps and cloaks of vermilion and purple; richly cut carvings in quaint fantastic shapes—a blaze of color seen through dingy window panes in endless variety.

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1901-5	$20,626.69	Average per month	$ 343.77
1906	10,163.38	" "	846.94
1907	16,366.96	" "	1,363.90
1908	23,182.43	" "	1,931.86
1909	33,694.80	" "	2,807.90
1910	47,419.75	" "	3,951.64

Bank Clearings—

	Total for Year	JAN.	FEB.
1910	$444,988,818	1911 $38,953,289	$36,529,964
1909	287,529,994	1910 29,331,224	29,534,539
1908	183,083,446	1909 16,407,127	16,683,386

Land Registry—

	Total for Year	JAN.	FEB.
1910	$223,179.20	1911 $18,375.24	$19,875.59
1909	148,145.17	1910 15,643.85	18,951.15

Customs—

	Total	JAN.	FEB.
December, 1910	$573,949.33	1911 417,023.00	$484,966
" 1909	348,388.59	1910 312,100.68	344,838

Building Permits—

JAN. 1911 $1,412,442 / 1910 631,311

FEB. 1911 $1,047,090 / 1910 880,795

	1909	1910
First 5 months	$2,836,165	$5,722,940
" 6 "	3,493,185	6,885,800
" 7 "	4,042,292	7,425,410
" 8 "	4,883,430	8,270,645
" 9 "	5,647,960	9,011,360
" 10 "	6,135,575	10,298,355
" 11 "	6,745,764	12,196,240
For 12 "	7,258,565	13,150,365
Total 1910		$13,150,365
" 1909		7,258,565
Increase		$ 5,891,800

NOTE—The Customs fiscal year does not end until March 1st.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MAGAZINE HOTEL DIRECTORY

All Government and Committee Publications sent free upon request. We have on hand copies of the following minutes and publications, which we will send upon application to Department H, Vancouver Information Bureau, Vancouver, B. C.

Vancouver "Province," "World," "News-Advertiser," (dailies); "Saturday Sunset," (weekly); "British Columbia Magazine," "Fruit Magazine," (monthlies).

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS—New British Columbia, describing the Northern Interior (Bulletin No. 22), Agriculture in British Columbia (Bulletin No. 10), Hand Book of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 23), Game of British Columbia (Bulletin No. 17), Budget Speech, 1910. The Mineral Province, Report Minister of Mines for 1908, B. C. Medical Register, Report on Northeastern part of Graham Island, Annual Report of the Public Schools of British Columbia.

GOVERNMENT MAPS — British Columbia, Northern Interior of British Columbia, Southwest Portion of British Columbia, Southeast Portion of Vancouver Island, East and West Kootenay District, Portion of Coast District, R. I. and Prince Rupert District, Western Portion of Vancouver Island, New Westminster District and adjacent Islands, Alberni District, Vancouver Island, Bella Coola District, Hazelton, Summerland, Burnaby, Nechaco Valley, Great Central Lake, Vancouver Island, Yale District.

COMMUNITY PUBLICATIONS—North Vancouver, Victoria and Vancouver Island, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, Similkameen, Kamloops, Ashcroft, Chilliwack, Penticton, Naramata, Vernon, Port Moody and surrounding Districts, Railway folders and pamphlets.

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Endacott & Percival, 544 Pender Street.
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Federal Investments, 312 Pender Street.
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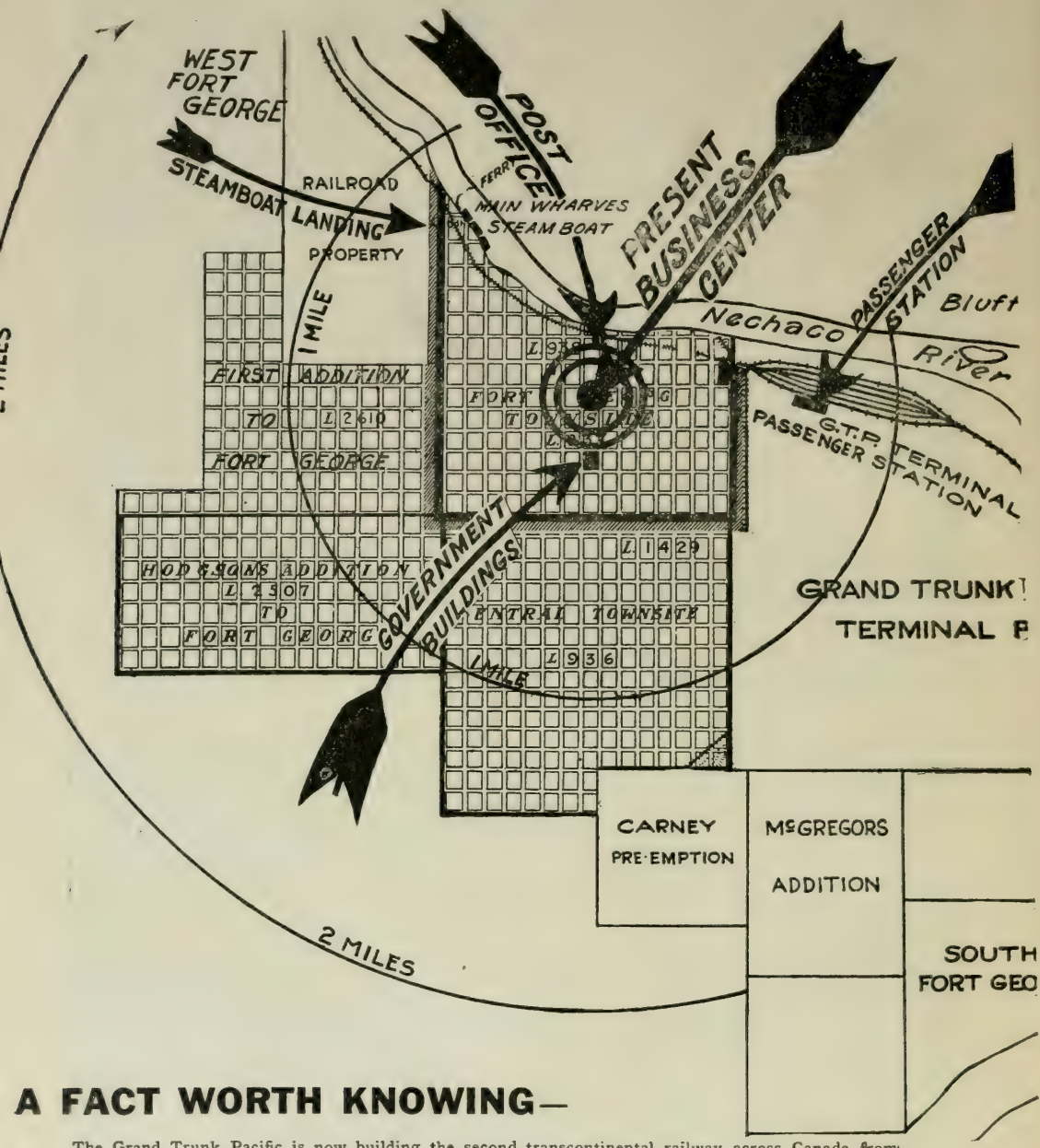

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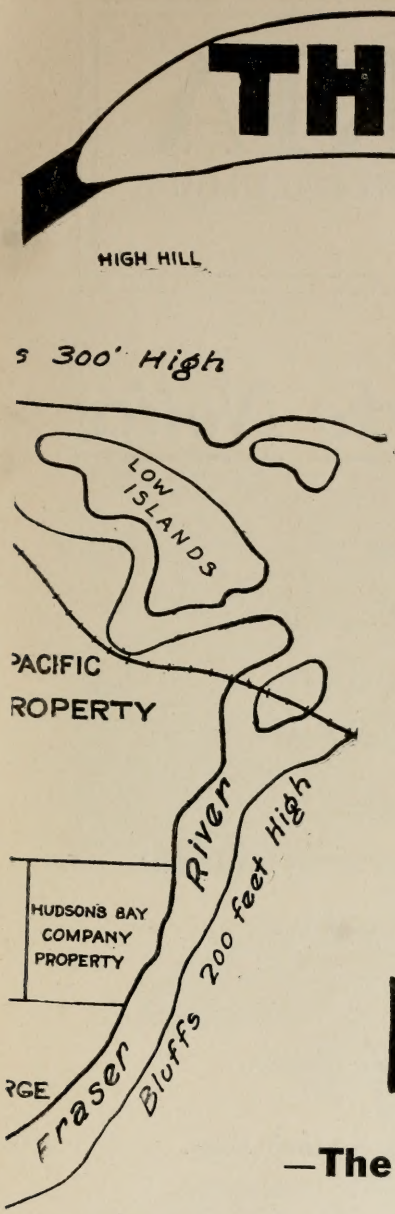

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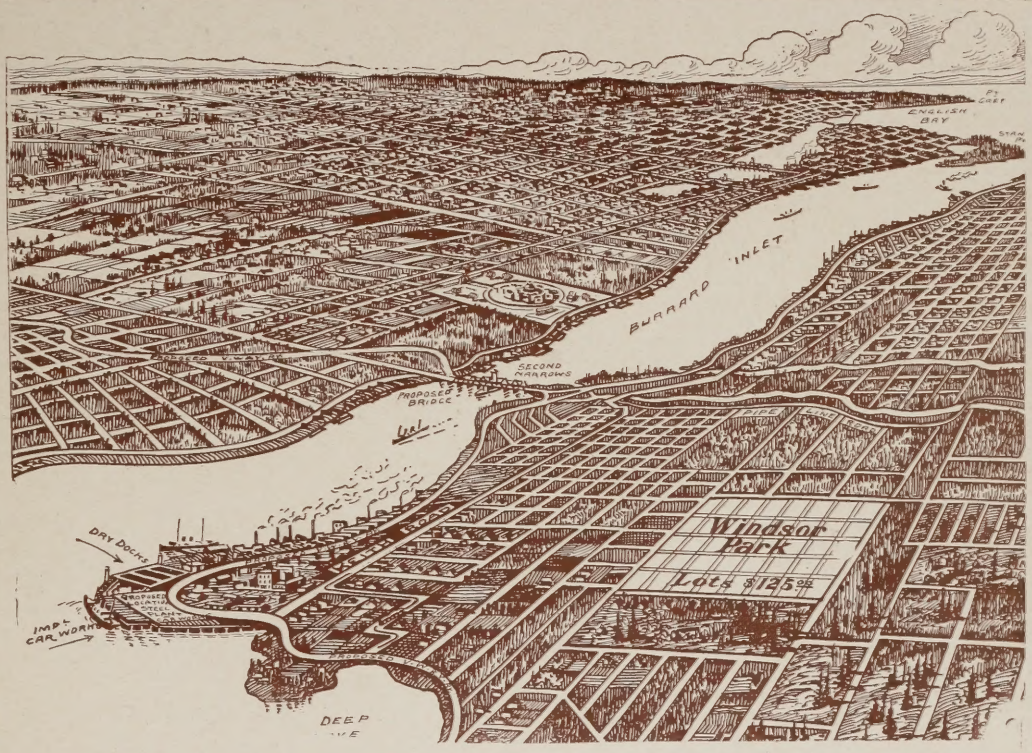

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In February, 1909, we purchased a portion of Block 150, D. L. 540, on Tenth Avenue, and sold inside lots at $450. Before July, 1910, some of these had been resold at $2,000, showing a profit of 344 per cent.

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These are only a few instances; we could give many other similar ones. We are quite willing to verify the above statements for anyone.

In most cases we sold the property while it was still "in the rough," and before streets were opened, the purchasers being able to reap the benefits of municipal and other improvements which were afterwards made.

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